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2 November 1893.

THE

CHRISTIAN LAWY

BEING A

Portraiture of the Life and Charact

OF

WILLIAM GEORGE BA

A Christian is the "noblest work of God," the "highest style of

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PREFACE.

WHEN the subject of this memoir was suddenly taken away in the maturity of manhood, and in the very midst of his distinguished usefulness, it was to all who knew and loved him a strange, mysterious providence. While brooding over this cloud, so dark to our earthly vision, a bright and beautiful retrospect of his life and character suddenly opened before us through its darkness, revealing so glorious a view of God's power and goodness that it came like a message from the Spirit, even the Holy Comforter: "Let this be faithfully portrayed and brought before the sight

of men, that they may see the exaltation of humanity through the power of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus." Under this impression of Christian duty the work was written; the result is committed unto God.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

ANCESTRAL INFLUENCE IN DETERMINING CHARACTER 7

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD — SCHOOL AND STUDENT LIFE 23

CHAPTER III.

ENTRANCE ON PROFESSIONAL LIFE — IMPRESSION MADE ON HIS LEGAL ASSOCIATES 44

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS ELEMENT DEVELOPED INTO THE FULL WORK OF GRACE 68

CHAPTER V.

INTERCOURSE WITH FEMALE SOCIETY — FRIENDSHIPS AND SPECIAL ATTACHMENTS 94

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE — HAPPY LIFE — BIRTH OF A CHILD — SAD AND SUDDEN BEREAVEMENT 114

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO FRIENDSBURY — LIFE-WEARING EFFECTS OF CONTINUAL SORROW — DEATH OF HIS CHILD 135

CHAPTER VIII.

Page

TOTAL WRECK OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS — STRUGGLE FOR LIFE TO LABOR FOR GOD — VICTORY NOT TO BE WON IN SOLITUDE — WINTER SOJOURN IN THE SOUTH..... 162

CHAPTER IX.

CAREER OF USEFULNESS AS A LAWYER AND A CITIZEN — HIS EFFICIENT LABORS IN THE VARIOUS PUBLIC CHARITIES..... 201

CHAPTER X.

LEGISLATIVE WORK..... 244

CHAPTER XI.

PRESSURE OF HIS LIFE-WORK — LETTER — SUDDEN ILLNESS — DEATH 270

CHAPTER XII.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE..... 287

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION..... 311

THE

CHRISTIAN LAWYER.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRAL INFLUENCE IN DETERMINING CHARACTER.

O, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seem, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring.—WORDSWORTH.

THE highest use of biography is to perpetuate the influence of the great and good after they have passed away from earth. The greatest and the best, when laid in the darkness of the grave, are soon forgotten amid the bustle and the business of life. After a time even their names become a strange, unfamiliar sound. Yet among these there are men whose lives teach a lesson worthy of remembrance, men who have left

"footprints" in their course of duty and integrity that we would fain keep as way-marks for those who seek to press onward in the same high path of private virtue and public usefulness. Such a one was WILLIAM GEORGE BAKER, a Christian lawyer, a Christian statesman, a Christian philanthropist.

The object of this memorial is not to eulogize the dead, but to serve the living. For those who knew him, the voice of praise is needless; as to them his name is associated with all that is high and noble in principle, all that is kind, generous, and unselfish in action. For his sake it is yet more needless; he sought not the praise of men while on earth, and it can add nothing to his blessedness in heaven. A faithful portraiture of his life and character will be given for the sake of those who are about to take thei places in the conflict of life, or are already battli in the struggle for professional or political positi that he, being dead, may yet speak, and that his i ence for good over all with whom he associate be extended to those who never knew him. T we would present a model *man*, who attained c tion and yet preserved the unsullied integrity acter; a *lawyer*, whose chief aim was to pre gation, making the interest of his clients p

to his own emolument; a *statesman*, who shrank from high official honors within his reach, but yet was ever ready to accept humbler posts where he thought his services were needed for the public good; and a *Christian*, whose humility before God and whose virtue in the sight of man exalted him to a place in the public esteem rarely awarded even to the best of men, showing that Christian integrity in its unbroken unity has its weight of influence in the world as well as in the Church.

A poor infidel, during a defense of his doctrines, remarked incidentally, that as far back as he could remember he had never known a prayer to be offered to God in the family of his father or grandfather. A whole precious generation without prayer or faith in God—the natural result was infidelity! With the subject of this sketch it was far otherwise. As far back as his ancestry can be traced, praying men and praying women can be found whose lives were spent in God's service.

In a letter written by the great great grandmother of William George Baker, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, and addressed to his grandmother, we find these passages: "This comes with my kind love, hoping that it may find you all in good health, as it

hath left all our people, thanks be to God for it! I send you my age as my mother hath told me: I was born in the year of our Lord 1699, January 24th. . . . I thank you for your good-will to me. I hope the Lord will bless you, and your husband, and your children. So no more, but my prayer to God for you all." During the course of the Revolutionary war the daughter of this aged saint, whose letter we have quoted, must have had around her a Christian household, as we are told of their sitting around the door at the close of the day engaged in singing devotional hymns. On one occasion, the evening song of praise was the following invocation to the Trinity:

"Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days."

The tune to which this was usually sung wa same as sung to "God save the King." The was heard by a passer-by, and some of th were caught as he paused to listen. Fired supposed insult to the American cause, he toward them, threatening to have them ar

Tories. He was quietly requested to sit down with them and hear them through.

After listening to the remaining stanzas the incensed patriot was fully satisfied there was neither Toryism nor treachery among this household band, and, with a hearty laugh over his mistaken zeal, he shook hands with them and went on his way. Living remote from the scene of war, in the midst of an agricultural people who had not, as yet, found it necessary to throw aside the pruning-hook or the plowshare to take up the sword in defense of their homes from the attacks of the invaders, this good old tune had for this Christian family no associations with loyalty to an earthly monarch; they had always used it in praising the triune God, in loyalty to the King of kings.

Mr. Baker's paternal grandfather was thrown upon the world an orphan at a tender age. All that he knew of his parents was drawn from their tragical fate, so deeply impressed on his memory, and all that he knew of his own early history began in the circumstances attending his own escape from the Indian massacre that left him without parents or home. The family resided near Reading, in Pennsylvania. When the boy was about five or six years old an attack

from the Indians was apprehended. Many people of the neighborhood were hastening to Philadelphia for safety, and the lad was standing on the roadside, watching their hurried movements, when a friendly Indian came up, riding on a pony. He quickly dismounted, saying, "Billy must go too," and placing the little boy on his own horse, he started it off to follow the company. He reached Philadelphia in safety, but never saw or heard of his parents afterward. He was told that their house was fired and consumed, but he never knew whether they were massacred by the savages, or burned to death while defending their home. He found another home among strangers, where he received a good, plain education, and came to Baltimore when quite a young man, became a assistant in a store, and afterward a merchant on own account. He married in 1780, and had bec a Christian before his marriage. He was attache the Church of which Mr. Otterbein was pastor continued to attend his ministry until the conn was dissolved by death.

As a merchant, the grandfather of Willian Baker was honest, upright, and open in al' ings, careful only to make his regular prc importations. Keeping his capital emplo

legitimate business, he lent out no money, and was satisfied if a debt due for goods sold was paid in its original amount without interest, even when payment was unduly delayed. At a comparatively early age, thinking he had gained a sufficiency, he retired from trade to a rural home. In his daily rides to the city he would call round on the young merchants of his acquaintance, inquire how they were prospering, and give to each the repeated warning: "Be careful to keep your business within your capital, and do not be tempted by credit." In all his business views and actions he was prudent and cautious, preferring the safe path trodden by experience, to the adventurous experiment of striking out into untried routes of more flattering promise.

His grandfather on the mother's side was Richard Jones, who is still remembered by several aged persons for his deep piety and his active career of benevolence. He emigrated to the United States from his native place, Caernarvonshire, Wales, in 1781, preceding his family to provide a home before sending for his wife and children. In early life he became a member of the Wesleyan Connection, under its celebrated founder, with whom he was personally acquainted. In all his traits he was pre-eminently

Christian, ever regarding worldly affairs as subordinate to religious duties. With him money had no value, except when used for the benefit of others. Satisfied if his own family had all that was needed to supply their daily wants, he made no provision for their future support by laying up treasures upon earth, but chose rather to expend the surplus of his income in ministering to the necessities of the poor and friendless. So little regard had he for the acquisition of wealth, that he freely imparted to others the benefit of his knowledge and experience, and by this means, in the making of one article only, he enabled a manufacturer in Philadelphia to accumulate a large fortune, whose descendants are, at this time, among the most wealthy Quaker families of that city. Hospitable to excess, he never was happier than when his house was filled with guests. No wonder that his more cautious wife should frequently express her fears to him that he would eventually bring his family to poverty. "Never fear," he would say; "I know that the Lord will provide; neither we nor our seed after us will ever want bread."

His chosen motto, "God's providence is my inheritance," was traced by his own hand on the wall over the hearth-place in his favorite "end

room" at Friendsbury. He prized this inheritance beyond all that earth could give, and desired no other for his children's children.

It was told of him that even in boyhood he would take articles of clothing from his own person, and give them to the needy whom he chanced to meet in his walks. When quite a feeble old man the same characteristic trait remained. One cold day in midwinter he started to visit some friends in a distant part of the city. The walk was long, but being carefully shielded by a warm overcoat, it was thought that the exercise in the bracing air, and the sight of his old acquaintance, would strengthen and cheer him. He came back without his overcoat, chilled and fatigued. On being remonstrated with for his imprudence, and asked where he had left it, he replied that on his way home he met a poor old man, thinly clad, and shivering with cold, and thinking that he had no means to provide himself with comfortable clothing, he could easily spare his overcoat for the remainder of his walk, and soon procure another.

He had at one time five orphan children of different families, whom he had taken to live with him, the youngest of these being but eighteen

months old. They were fed, clothed, and watched over as though they had been of his own kindred, and then placed in good situations or trades as they became old enough to labor for their own support.

In the year 1793 he purchased a beautiful woodland site, covered with a fine growth of oaks, many of which, still remaining, often attract the admiration of the passer-by as noble specimens of our native forest trees. This place became a great source of pleasure to him. After clearing away its redundant growth, he erected a dwelling and outhouses, and entered with his accustomed zeal and activity upon his rural improvements. This was the only personal gratification he indulged in requiring a liberal appropriation of money, and in this he spared no expense. He procured the choicest fruit trees from New York, and ornamented his lawn with the cedar, the juniper, and the rarest deciduous shrubs. In accordance with the taste then prevailing, he had the row of Lombardy poplars, and the costly terraced garden, usurping the place of the native trees, and destroying the graceful slope of the grassy hill; yet no inducement of larger crops could tempt him to sacrifice the grove of lofty oaks that overshadowed the grounds

contiguous to the road. It was indeed a sweetly secluded rural home.

But Richard Jones was too social in his nature to become an anchorite, even in so delightful a hermitage. While enjoying this retreat from the noise and turmoil of city life, and while gratefully acknowledging the favor of God in enabling him to secure a refuge from the pestilence,* so terrible to those exposed to its ravages, he never forgot those friends he had left behind him. He never was happier than when they came to share its pleasantness; and whenever the fever made its appearance he filled his house with refugees from the dreaded scourge. Not satisfied with this, he went among the sick in the infected districts of the city, administered their medicines, and while attending to their temporal necessities took every opportunity of directing them to a crucified Saviour.

He was warmly attached to his personal friends, and always distinguished them by prefixing the title of "Friend" whenever he addressed or spoke of them. The name of his country-seat, "Friendsbury," was fitly chosen. It was his greatest pleasure to share all that he possessed with those he loved.

* Yellow fever of 1793 and following years.

So great was the zeal of Richard Jones for the conversion of souls and the extension of Gospel privileges, that he established a weekly prayer-meeting on his own place, having given a general invitation to the poor as well as the rich who were settled in the vicinity. His house was the preacher's home, and whenever they remained with him for a day or two, he always embraced the opportunity of gathering the neighbors together from far and near to have a sermon preached. The meetings held there were spoken of and impressively remembered many years after he had passed from earth. The ministers were always gladly entertained in their temporary sojourn, and often kept for weeks when disabled by sickness, when he provided for them the best medical advice, and nursed them as tenderly as though they had been his near relatives. He had associated himself with the followers of Wesley in Wales in the days of their worldly humiliation, and when he lived to see the Methodist Church in his adopted country attain a higher position in the world's estimation, he lamented the effects consequent upon the change. When musing over the increasing disposition for worldly conformity, he would often say: "When we were a poor and persecuted people God kept us lowly in heart

and prayerful in spirit. Our only glory was in Christ, our strength, our wisdom, our righteousness; but now that we have become prosperous and popular among men, we have become proud, and prone to glorify our own power and extension. If this disposition be not checked ere it be too late, God will turn away from us, and raise up another people more meek and lowly in heart to serve and honor him."

Richard Jones was an humble Christian, never counting himself to have attained, but ever pressing forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. His clear perception of Scripture truth enabled him to distinguish the Bible doctrine of holiness from its abuse when misunderstood and misrepresented by ignorance or presumption. His strong faith in Gospel holiness, and his deep reverence for its truth, made him feel that it is a death unto self, and a life hidden with Christ in God, whose outward manifestation is that of the indwelling Spirit, and not of a self-glorified humanity.

To hold communion with God in prayer and contemplation was ever to him a delightful privilege. In a letter written from the Warm Bath Springs, Berkeley County, Virginia, this enjoyment is thus described in his own words:

"Above all considerations under heaven, I bless God I have had and still have sweet fellowship and converse with heaven. The shady trees on the banks of the river Opequan, where I walk morning and evening, have afforded me a transcript of Paradise. I have not had such times for these six years past. And if consistent with the will of God, there I could sweetly spend the few remaining days I have to live, with just as much as would keep soul and body together, in preference to the most dainty table in the universe. Then I could truly say:

'I envy not the rich and great,
Nor kings in their exalted state,
While here alone I stay;
I look with pity on the proud,
With all the vain, unthinking crowd,
That tread the downward way.'

And must I return to Egypt again—to the world? Must I be banished as an exile to the cares, fears, and distracting concerns of life merely for bread and water? If I could with any degree of propriety, I would say, Lord God, forbid!"

Richard Jones was pre-eminently a man of prayer. It was with him a frequent practice to leave his bed after retiring to rest, and spend the remainder of the

night in earnest supplication for spiritual blessings upon his family. It was his paramount desire that his posterity should ever be found among the faithful followers of Christ. All other distinctions were to him lighter than vanity.

This course of holy living, giving glory to God and showing good-will to man, was brought to a calm and heavenly close at the eventide of life, leaving his example and his prayers a source of grateful remembrance to his descendants.

Though hereditary influence cannot confer gifts, or fix the standard of character for the family or the individual, yet there are elementary traits that appear and reappear in lineal descent, serving to mark consanguinity. Though devotional piety cannot be transmitted from parents to children, yet there are spiritual blessings following even to the third and fourth generation in answer to the prayers of righteous progenitors. This is in accordance with the law of God in nature and in grace. In William George Baker the most favorable traits of each grandfather united in one harmonious whole. In him were found the thoughtful deliberation that takes a calm survey of the whole bearing of a subject before making up an opinion, the prudential conservatism that

induces a careful examination into the foundation of new measures before entering upon them, and the firm adherance to every cause conscientiously believed to be right, that characterized one; while from the other were transmitted to him that tender-hearted kindness and keen sympathy, that self-sacrificing spirit of benevolence and expansive liberality which made his name, like that of Richard Jones, a gladdening household word in the desolate homes of the widow and the orphan, the suffering and the destitute.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD—SCHOOL AND STUDENT LIFE.

Mystery! mystery!
Holy and strange;
What a life history,
Fruitful of change,
And endless of range,
Is folded here, sweet within sweet like a blossom.

MERRYGATE.

THERE was nothing marked in the childhood of William George Baker, if we may except certain traits which continued throughout his life: a temperament exceedingly nervous, a shrinking from distressing sights, a keen sympathy with suffering, a great love of books, and fondness for solitary occupation. He says in one place of himself: "Nothing remarkable took place in my childhood. Until my eighth year I was almost continually confined with a breast complaint. This sickness was varied by an accident or two, by one of which my life was nearly cut short at an early period by falling on a scraper." His health was delicate from infancy, and the weak-

ness of lungs referred to was attended by a cough, that was feared to be the precursor of early death. But yet there was nothing of the pallor or languor of indisposition about him. His eye was bright, his cheek lightly tinted with a rosy flush; he was active and sportive, fair and lovely to look upon. But it was a beauty so fragile in appearance, that he was regarded as one destined to be called home to heaven before he could feel the rigors or sorrows of earth. As he grew into boyhood his health became better, his physical strength increased, and he was enabled to go through his school-days, with their long walks, and its exposures to the summer's heat and the winter's cold, with as much safety as others more robust and athletic. He entered into the healthful sports of boyhood with vigor, and specially delighted in those that gave tone to the muscular system.

As a schoolfellow, his amiable disposition kept him from the quarrels and conflicts so common among boys, for his generous nature never suspected an insult where none was intended. Yet his spirit was always roused when he saw another injured or oppressed, and he was ready to defend even the meanest animal from ill-treatment. Even the cry of

"mad dog," that generally causes the poor brute to be left unpitied in the hands of its pursuers, never deterred him from drawing near to know if it was condemned unjustly, ready to plead for its life if the appellation was undeserved. So in his after-life, the human "mad dog," stigmatized as such by his fellows, and hunted down by thoughtless or cruel persecutors, was never condemned by him without careful inquiry into the truth or falsehood of the accusation. The following incident illustrates his self-sacrificing disposition, shown in his early boyhood. A sister, who sprang to save a young cousin from the attack of a ferocious dog, was severely bitten. When the boy heard what had happened he ran into the room where she was taken, and stood by wringing his hands, and exclaiming, "O! if it had only bitten me! I wish that I had been near to save her from this!" He was willing to endure her suffering, for the keenness of his sympathy gave him more pain than if he had had to bear it himself. It was strange that, with his affectionate nature, he never singled out an intimate friend among his schoolmates. He was friendly and pleasant in his intercourse with all, appreciating the good traits peculiar to each. This may have arisen from the want of

congeniality, so painfully felt by those who are capable of the deepest attachments, or from having found sufficient companionship in his own thoughts and fancies in the solitary walks to and from school and college. These led him through woods and fields, or on the quiet country road, his mind being occupied by conning over his tasks, or giving way to the day-dreams presented to his vivid imagination. He would sometimes stop by the way to work out some mathematical problem, taking the sand for his black-board, and a stick for his crayon; and at other times he would personate Cæsar or Bonaparte at the head of an army, and issue his commands to the trees and shrubs in his pathway. Supposing himself unobserved, or losing all consciousness of any passers-by, he would use gestures and gesticulations, suiting his actions to his fancies, and some who happened to notice him thought him a strange, eccentric boy.

After having passed with great credit through several preliminary schools, he entered St. Mary's College in the autumn of 1824, being then fourteen years old. Correct recitation, or a high rank in the classes, was never the summit of his ambition; he sought the higher mark of a thorough understanding

of the lessons recited. His memory was naturally quick and retentive; yet its remarkable strength and accuracy arose from a spirit of investigation into fundamental principles, which enabled him to make an intelligent application of each in the right order and place, and from a systematic arrangement of his acquisitions, which made his knowledge available when needed. His quickness of intellect, his perseverance in study, and his obedience to law, made him a desirable scholar, as he gave little trouble to his instructors. His teacher in mathematics having no patience with dullness, generally called on him to solve the most difficult problems, passing by those whose turn it was to come up, from whom he anticipated the necessity of repeated explanations. Mathematics was a favorite study, and he usually made his own rules of computation, without confining himself to those laid down in the text-books. His rapidity and correctness caused his assistance to be sought by the teacher in preparing a work for publication, and it was cheerfully rendered, without the least objection to the additional labor to his school duties. The teacher was warmly attached to him, and the old man would sometimes throw his arms around his pupil, saying: "I do love you,

George!" This tutor had strong prejudices as well as partialities, and the favorite scholar, instead of assuming anything from the favoritism extended him, often regretted the injustice done to others, and ventured to remonstrate in their defense.

The truthfulness and candor which characterized him even in boyhood, gained him the confidence of his instructors; with them his word was sufficient. When any representation of a difficulty or contest was made to the president of the college, he would say, "George, how was it?" and if he happened to be cognizant of the facts of the case, his statement was implicitly relied on as true and impartial. And yet he was never known to be an informer, always preferring to suffer with the class, rather than designate the transgressor and leave him to be punished alone. Having influence with his teachers, and being popular with the boys, he was usually selected as their advocate when any indulgence was desired, or a holiday was to be petitioned. He never abused his influence through fear of risking popularity, for no entreaty could induce him to ask for anything he deemed unreasonable.

The favorite recreation of his holidays was hunting. Taking a little lunch of crackers and cheese, or cold

meat and bread, in his pocket, and fully accoutered with powder-flask, shot-bag, game-net and gun, he would wander a long distance from home, through the woods and meadows, often spending the whole day alone. Sometimes he would be accompanied by other boys, and in pursuing these excursions in company, he gave evidence of his firmness in never giving way to the least deviation from what he thought right as a principle of action. His companions finding their dry lunch unpalatable, could not always resist the temptation offered by the rudely chalked sign, "Cakes and beer sold here," hanging at the door of some little shop on the roadside. They would propose a treat, but he invariably refused, giving as a reason, that he had early made a resolution never to enter a shop or tavern where spirituous liquors were sold to buy any thing to drink. They laughed at his scruples in being so strict about trifles, and while they were regaling on ginger-cakes and spruce beer, he waited for them outside, fully contented with his own simple fare.

His uniform kindness of disposition made him a great favorite with the family servants. He made few demands upon their attendance, and whenever he needed their services, the tone and manner in

which he addressed them made them always ready to do whatever he wished. He loved to teach them, and, when quite young, brought one of them, by his frequent instructions, so far forward as not only to read and write, but to a considerable proficiency in arithmetic. He would often stand beside this man while working in the garden, and give him historical anecdotes gleaned from his books; and in this manner Christopher became quite conversant with the names and deeds of Cæsar, Brutus, and other heroes of school-boy classics. He also became so familiar with our own Revolutionary history, that he would talk to the other servants as enthusiastically about the great Washington and his brave army, and was as full of bitter invective against British tyranny, as if he had been himself a sufferer from British oppression. "Master William George" was always quoted as his authority for his versions of history. In his turn he would often talk to his young teacher about the Bible, and many were the interesting discourses they had together with mutual benefit. This man was a true Christian, and much of his anxiety for instruction grew out of his hope of becoming a missionary to Africa. His freedom was given him while still vigorous in years and health, but his

wife opposed his missionary views, and while a hired laborer in the same home where he had been a slave, he was taken ill from a heavy cold, and died of consumption in the same year that his young teacher entered college.

A few years afterward the youth became deeply interested in educating another servant. He labored, indeed, to teach all the servants to read, even when their dullness and indifference sorely taxed his patience; but in this case, as in the one first mentioned, the desire for knowledge on the part of the colored man made the employment a pleasure. Beginning with the alphabet, the zeal of the young teacher, added to his own application, enabled him to make attainments sufficiently respectable to become a preacher among his own people. Soon after he was made free he was called to take charge of a colored church in Boston. During his residence there he made two or three visits to Baltimore, and always went round to see the different members of the Baker family in their several homes, and especially "Mr. William George," as he always called him; and it was difficult to tell which was most gratified, he in seeing them or they in welcoming him.

Of the beginning of Mr. Baker's law studies, and his early inclination to them, we find the following memorandum in his handwriting:

"At fourteen years of age I entered St. Mary's College. I continued there four years, took my degree and finished my school-days July 17, 1828, at eighteen years of age. September 24, 1828, I commenced the study of the law. That profession from my earliest youth I have always looked forward to as the ladder by which I must climb to wealth, fame, and earthly honor; whether I shall gain them the future only can determine. I may risk my life, my happiness in a gulf that may wreck them. Be the end what it may, to attain the haven I shall make my best endeavor." The feelings and motives with which he entered upon his law studies are given in the following verses, written on one of the leaves of an exercise book, and dated 1828. Those who witnessed his professional career, as well as the friends who knew him best, will feel that they were written on his heart.

"THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

"Ordained to tread the thorny ground,
Where few I fear are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,

The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear.
To virtue and her friends a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws
To sanctify a villain's cause.
Let others with unsparing hand
Scatter their poison through the land;
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life.
On such her gifts let fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power;
On me may fav'ring Heaven bestow
That peace which good men only know,
The joy of joys by few possessed,
The eternal sunshine of the breast.
Power, fame, and riches I resign;
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me, when I die."*

The "Lawyer's Prayer" was answered. These high and holy aspirations, so rarely felt until age, experience, and grace have tested their wisdom, were richly blessed of God. Written in the morning of life, they now strike us as prophetic from their literal fulfillment.

* These lines were found in an old London publication called "Repository of Literature."

He commenced the study of law about two months after he left college. Instead of entering into an office in the city, he preferred to begin his course at home, under the direction of the lawyer selected as his professional teacher. In his own handwriting we have found the following list of the books first read: 1. Bible; 2. Beattie's Elements; 3. Aristotle's Ethics and Politics; 4. Paley's Moral Philosophy; 5. Locke's Essays; 6. Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments; 7. Reid's Essays and Inquiries.

He next entered upon a course of history, biography, and other subjects necessary as a basis for sound legal knowledge. The list of the books he read comprises fifty-seven separate works, making one hundred and thirty-two volumes. These were only preparatory studies, as no list of the law books read has been found among his papers, it having been probably lost. In one place he has a statement, written with a lead-pencil, of the hours devoted to study. For five months he studied six hours a day six days in the week, and for seven months eight to ten hours a day five days in the week. These months were not consecutive, but interspersed by intervals of needful rest and relaxation. When he commenced his course of reading, one of the upper rooms at Friendsbury was

given up to his exclusive use; and as it was his practice while studying to walk to and fro across the floor, the sound of his footsteps could be continuously heard, often accompanied by the earnest tones of his voice, giving daily evidence of the zeal and energy with which he prepared himself for his future profession.

This close confinement to one room, and the protracted tension of his mind during his uninterrupted hours of lonely reading, were injurious to his health; and the habit of solitary study then fixed, afterward hindered the free use of his mental powers under any outward disturbance. The time intervening between his seasons of study was usually spent at the farm of his brother-in-law, or in visits to one then owned by his father on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Both places afforded him fine opportunities of indulging in his favorite amusement. Neither the intense summer heat, nor the freezing blasts of winter, could ever deter him from pursuing his hunting expeditions with the same enthusiasm and perseverance that he evinced in his studies. On one occasion, during a winter visit to the Eastern Shore, he started with his gun and dog for the purpose of shooting the wild ducks that frequented the river shore in great numbers. It was a piercing cold day, and although he had

neglected to provide himself with his customary lunch, yet in his eagerness he went on and on along the banks of the Chester until, faint from hunger, weary with the chase, and benumbed with cold, he was forced to sit down awhile to rest. A sensation of sleepiness came over him, and his faithful dog nestled close beside him as though striving to save his beloved master from passing into the sleep of death. His attention being roused by the caresses of the animal, a sudden consciousness of his danger struck upon his mind, and he endeavored to struggle against the fatal torpor. On searching his pockets he found a dry biscuit. This scanty portion of food acted as a stimulus, and with renewed effort he started on his way back to the house, where he soon recovered from the effects of his adventure. The risk he had run, and the peril into which his passion for gunning had led him, made him more cautious in future.

Those who knew him in after-life in the intercourse of business, or in his pursuits of usefulness, never supposed, from his calm expression of countenance, his quiet manner, and apparent self-possession, that he was of a deeply enthusiastic nature. An occasional burst of fervid eloquence or excited feeling, when he

was roused by a sense of private wrong to an individual, or public injury or injustice to the community, was always heard with surprise, as something unexpected; but those who had been with him from boyhood to manhood were fully aware of the deep emotions surging within his heart, kept hidden by his sensitive shrinking from outward observation. All that was touching or painful in incident, even in the recital, caused him the keenest suffering; and the high and heroic in history, the sublime and beautiful in nature, poetry, or art, enkindled his enthusiasm and stirred his heart to its inmost depths. He had a passion for music from his early days to the close of life. When he came down from his books in the evening to mingle with the family circle, he would ask for his favorite tunes. While these were played for him in their regular succession he walked the floor, dreaming or still studying; and whenever they ceased he would say, "Play again; keep on playing." "The Turkish Quickstep," "The Recruiting March," "The Replique," and "Harrington's Lesson," were the favorite accompaniments to his peripatetic musings. When his busy thoughts were at rest, or the reverie had passed, he would call for "The Land of the Leal," "Thou art gane awa," "Here's a health to ane I lo'e

dear," or some other Scottish song, and sit quietly enjoying their touching melody, or stand beside the piano and join in the singing. His voice was one of rare sweetness; he sang with the taste and expression of feeling, a gift not to be acquired by the training rules of art. In after-life his love for old familiar tunes still continued, and while engaged in the labors of his office, studying out a case or indicting legal papers, he has been known to stop and listen even to the street-music of an organ-grinder when some old familiar air was played, and to say to himself, "How sweet that is," as if lost in unconscious abstraction.

On reviewing the boyhood and student life of William George Baker, it seems strange that he did not become a writer. In lonely musings and solitary studies the mind becomes full of self-originated thoughts, struggling for utterance; and in those cases where an intense individuality seldom finds congenial companionship, writing not only satisfies a craving need, but becomes in itself a happiness. It was therefore a just cause of regret that he never overcame his early aversion to the labor of composing. From his school-boy days he felt it a dreaded task, and in after-life even ordinary letter-writing to

his friends was deferred from time to time, or wholly neglected. In one of his letters he says: "An omission on my part to write is no proof of forgetfulness or want of affection. My feelings with regard to epistolary correspondence, and indeed with regard to all other kinds of composition, you must know, for you have often heard me express them. To write a letter I have always considered a task. It is always more or less unpleasant, and I always shrink from it. This rooted dislike is, I believe, probably owing to natural constitution, more than to my mode of education. When I went to college I never wrote with pleasure to myself; but it was in the four years after I graduated, when I pursued my studies at home, my not having any motive to induce me to write, I contracted my aversion to it. During part of that time, to write a receipt was almost painful. I could study deep, abstruse, and difficult subjects for more than twelve hours in the day with pleasure, but I shrank from penning even a simple note. This feeling, which has often given me a great deal of unnecessary vexation, has been wearing away since I have been admitted to the bar, and have been brought into contact with the business of life, but it is far from being entirely destroyed."

At college his off-hand sketches, intended as impromptu exercises, were considered as his best efforts; they cost him but little trouble; but when he was given time to write upon a stated subject, the task came up before him as too formidable to be effected. Much of the labor was self-imposed by his excessive fastidiousness. His commencement piece was a task that had to be met and accomplished, and he nerved himself for the effort with such success that it was spoken of as "a well-written classical oration, exhibiting correctness and accuracy in its views, and a chasteness in their expression rarely found in writers of his age. It was," continues the reviewer, "rather the production of a finished scholar than the essay of a candidate for the first literary honors, and augurs well for his future success in the walks of literature."

He often regretted that he had not conquered his disinclination to writing, and in commencing a journal in April, 1840, he says: "I have oftentimes of late thought that it would conduce to my improvement and instruction to keep a journal or diary, and therein to note down such events, occurrences, and reflections of each day as might be worth remembering. Besides the advantage derivable from having a

record of facts and reflections which may afterward contribute to my amusement or instruction, the keeping a journal will no doubt give me 'facility of composition,' an attainment of which few stand more in need, and which I have not been able yet to acquire, principally, I believe, from a habit of always, when composing, paying so much attention to style as to lose control of ideas. This probably will not be the case in writing in a journal intended exclusively for my own use, and not to be submitted to the eyes of any other; where I can state, without fear of remark or observation, thoughts or facts in a slip-shod style, and in words suggested at the moment of writing. When I shall have obtained the habit of writing freely it will be time enough to form a style."

The little he has left written shows that he could write pleasantly, gracefully, and with the eloquence of deep feeling. Among the manuscripts there are fragments of poetry and prose, humorous sketches, a package of letters written for a "Fair Post-Office," and rough drafts of early letters, full of playful witticisms and amusing incidents. And in the very few later letters in possession of his friends there are passages of great beauty, the natural expression of

thoughts and emotions saddened by sorrowful experience. In appreciating the fragments, we think in painful regret on all that was left unwritten. The gathered stores of thought, the rich acquisitions of knowledge, the sound views on all subjects brought under his calm, far-seeing investigation, these are buried with him without a record.

When with those with whom he felt the freedom of social intercourse, he would often give full expression to his opinions; and if excited by the theme, his eye would sparkle, his manner become animated, and his converse so filled with suggestive ideas, that to be a listener was as delightful as profitable.

In the knowledge of history few excelled him. His accuracy and impartial judgment made him valued as a reference; and in giving the result of his own reading from various sources, he presented a view so distinctly defined and so happily arranged, that it left an impression not easily effaced. But his sensitive shrinking from expressing his deeper emotions, or the self-communings with his own spirit, left no trace save in a few passages of his journal. When his heart was oppressed, when weary or troubled in mind, even those near and dear to him

would feel a delicacy in intruding upon the sacredness of sorrow, fearing that their sympathy would give more pain than alleviation, and knowing that he had a Comforter to whom all his sufferings were known ere they were breathed in prayer.

CHAPTER III.

ENTRANCE ON PROFESSIONAL LIFE — IMPRESSION MADE ON HIS LEGAL ASSOCIATES.

O man! thine image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear when breath'd into thy blood
The Spirit is that built thee?—FLETCHER.

The soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends;
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man and man himself for him.—WORDSWORTH.

AFTER having spent nearly four years in studying law, Mr. Baker was admitted to the bar on the 17th of April, 1832. At the age of twenty-two he left his retired home to enter upon an untried scene, to struggle for professional success in the jostling crowd. The contrast was great, the trial severe, unfitted as he was for the encounter from his morbidly sensitive temperament, his long seclusion, and his protracted solitary studies. His purity of mind, childlike simplicity of character, and deep reverence for all that is true and just and good, must necessarily have

caused him to recoil from many men and many things that passed before him, and to look wistfully back to the purer companionship of books in rural quietude. But he could not shrink back, feeling that now he must plant his foot firmly at the starting point, and patiently, resolutely trace out before him his own path of life, though as yet unconscious of the manifold snares and temptations to be met and conquered by the way. But he had the safeguard of a religious training, and the shield of noble impulses and virtuous principles. Under the superintending providence of the God of his fathers, these bore him onward and upward through every opposing obstacle. If at any time he yielded to the solicitation of his friends, by accompanying them to places of amusement that the world calls "innocent," he found them unsuited to his taste, and a violation of his better judgment. He devoted the energies of his mind to attain a high standard in legal knowledge. From the first he refused to take any part in criminal cases, for which his sensitive nature wholly unfitted him. His timidity in appearing before the public caused him to abandon all hope of becoming a pleader, and he marked out a course for himself which would keep him comparatively retired from

public notice. He cultivated the acquaintance of those who sought the wider sphere of extensive acquirements, and found no congeniality among the aspirants for professional distinction based upon oratorical display or ingenious sophistry. The emoluments of law he only anticipated as a just return for labor expended; but never were these at any period a paramount consideration, for the largest fee that could be proffered could not tempt him to sustain an unjust claim. The specious maxim that the cause of a client must be always regarded as right, brought no mists of sophistry between him and the sunlight of justice, nor overshadowed, even for a moment, his clear perception of truth. Those whose ductile consciences could be easily extended to the needed length derided him as fastidious, predicting his failure as a lawyer as a merited penalty for over-scrupulousness. But none of these things moved him, for he would never have accepted professional success if it demanded the sacrifice of a single principle.

Soon after he was admitted to the bar he entered into partnership with a commercial lawyer in large practice, and plunged at once into the tide of business. This may have been the best course to conquer timidity, to benefit him professionally; but that

it was wise or judicious, considering all things, there is reason to doubt. A more gradual entrance into the pressure and turmoil of legal practice would have better prepared him physically and mentally for future work. For one of his temperament and constitution, the change was too sudden to be safely borne.

The science of law and government was well suited to his mental tastes. He loved to trace its beginning among the people first gathered together in communities through its progressive development to a regularly organized system. He thought deeply on the philosophy of law, and the necessity for its proper adaptation to human nature under varying circumstances and conditions. His searching mind explored these fields with patient, persevering, and happy toil.

Even the "mystic, dark, discordant lore" of law books was not studied as a task. From these he would

> "Other doctrines thence imbibe;
> Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
> Observe how parts with parts unite
> In one harmonious rule of right;
> See countless wheels distinctly tend
> By various laws to one great end."

But when forced to enter into the little harassing details and drudgery connected with practice, he found

them wearisome to the flesh and disquieting to the spirit. His desire for accuracy and exactness in all things led him to spend more time and thought than are usually considered necessary in drawing up law papers. A deed or a lease that others would indite with rapidity cost him much labor, for fear that a flaw might be inadvertently admitted, and he examined and re-examined his own work with as keen scrutiny as another would seek for a weak point for the benefit of his client. The hurry and pressure of multitudinous cases disturbed the equanimity of feeling requisite to the full control of his mental powers. The effect of these disquieting influences upon his health and spirits is frequently recorded in his journal. In one place he says:

"Eight days have elapsed since I have laid down my journal. But for my neglect I am not without all justification—constant and wearisome engagements at my office, the unabated violence of my diarrhœa, and consequent feebleness of body, not without its effect on mind and spirits, have added to my long-continued and now habitual dread of writing. But *better late than never.* I shall try to recall the occurrences of the neglected days, and do resolve that if in future I shall not from day to day *journalize*,

I will at least *hebdomalize*, for I think I shall be able to have some leisure at least one night in the week.

"Monday morning, went to my daily work; on Tuesday and Wednesday busy in bringing suits. Clients will put off suits to the last moment. To-day engaged in preparing for May term. *Plenty to do, nothing to get*; but *nil desperandum*; fees must follow practice, not precede, or even keep pace."

Under a previous date he writes: "Nothing of importance has occurred to-day; how frequently must this be the result of future days. Although I am daily engaged in the pursuits of my profession, and thereby brought in contact with the motives to and results of human action, yet how few things shall I have to record. But it may be that the fact of keeping a journal may cause me to remember things worth noticing which heretofore have passed unheeded. At any rate, I have embarked on this journalizing adventure; if it prove of no use it cannot be of any injury; the time will not be lost, as I intend to devote to it my '*horæ subsecivæ*.'

"*May* 9, *Saturday*. Court in session since Thursday; engaged in appeals; health improving, but yet far from robust health; never feel fresh or vigorous; my eyes always dim, as if not fully awake; but sum-

mer is coming, although the weather has for the last week been most winterish. I do like the gentle roar of a fire in Stanley's parlor stove; you derive the sense of warmth from your feelings and through your hearing. But it groweth late. I must needs prepare for the morrow by the usual tonsorial operations, *hebdomadal* ablutions, not to mention the humble office of the boot-black. *Au revoir.*"

"*Tuesday, August* 4. At Branton, Carroll County. How well have I kept my resolution to keep a journal! Nearly three months since I last opened it. *Eheu fugaces;* what excuse can I make to my grave mentor, *myself*, for this neglect of duty? Those three months have been weary ones, with a few bright hours scattered here and there to relieve the otherwise unbroken weariness, constant professional exertions, feeble health, days actively employed, nights devoted to my friends, and rest. But now, in the quiet and leisure of my *Horæ Brantonianæ*, I can and must resume my neglected journal.

"On Friday last engaged in preparing for my departure from town, closing all business that could be closed, making other business arrangements, fixing and fretting. Night found me at my own loved Friendsbury.

"On Saturday, August 1, H. and I started from Friendsbury at twenty-five minutes before nine, in the buggy with father's lately purchased horse. Full of spirits were we, and no less full of spirits was our noble bay, and arrived at I.'s by half past twelve."

It is pleasant to notice the change in his journal, to mark the fresh springing joyousness with which he notes down the walks by the river, the clambering among rocks, the inspiriting rides on horseback through beautiful scenery that he enjoyed with his friends, and to find that his privileged freedom from ceremonious restraint allowed him at any time to leave the social circle for the luxury of lonely reading, without remonstrance or interruption.

"We rambled leisurely to the White Rocks," he writes, "two or three massy piles of quartz on the summit of Stony Ridge, were delighted with the extensive view therefrom, partially obscured though it is by the intervening boughs of the forest trees on the Ridge. After resting ourselves for half an hour on the rocks, examining the mosses and the beautifully variegated tints of the quartz, we descended to the falls. I discovered near the border of the stream

a specimen of the umbrella tree, (Magnolia Tripetala,) much larger and more beautiful than the one previously found. This consisted of two branches, each about six feet in height.

"At night finished Nicholas Nickleby, a most delightful work, full of subdued humor, deep pathos, displaying uncommonly acute knowledge of human nature, particularly the absurd and ridiculous portions of our nature. Commenced 'Dr. Dove.'

"On Wednesday, August 5, during the day read awhile in the quaint, fantastic, but most fraught with curious learning, pages of the 'Doctor,' and a while in that most sound and yet most attractive of religious treatises, Harris's 'Mammon.'

"This (Thursday) morning, after the necessary operations of dressing and breakfasting, my time has been engaged in the perusal of the 'Doctor' and 'Mammon.' I am now, however, expecting the monotony of my Horæ Brantonianæ to be varied and enlivened by the freight that the carriage, hourly expected, is laden with in the shape of one of Eve's descendants, with whom I have been acquainted for many, many years, almost three lustrums. Journal mine, I must doff my beaver to thee now; but I will meet thee anon and resume our *tête-à-tête.*

"*Friday.* Yesterday afternoon read Mammon and finished 'The Doctor.' The latter work is excellent in its singularity. It shows an uncommon exuberance of out-of-the-way reading. There are some jewels scattered throughout the work that I must contemplate again. Many of the opinions of the author (whom a writer in the Knickerbocker asserts to be Southey) are objectionable, particularly to Americans. The author is evidently a Tory of the strictest sect, a rank Churchman, opposed not only to Dissenters but to the 'Evangelical' portion of the Church of England. He is opposed to Sunday schools; his arguments on that score are not of much weight; he only looks at the disadvantages, without one word concerning their great and beneficent means of practical good. As a quotationist he exceeds Old Burton. Quoting is with him a '*sine qua nonniness*,' a happy term which I make him my best bow for inventing. His learned lucubrations on love are most amusing, and not far from true either. Dear Doctor, I shall be most happy to renew your acquaintance. After reading a few Psalms, I took tea and walked out to the field, whence I might see the first approach of aught that came Brantonward, and soon espied, slowly descending a hill two miles distant, a dark moving body which I sus-

pected to be the carriage, and in a quarter of an hour I was no longer in doubt, for then the carriage arrived, with the jovial phiz of I., and the merry countenance of my friend. I soon was immersed in the perusal of the 'ephemerals,' 'hebdomadals,' of which there was no scanty stock. All well at home. After the confused questionings and answerings incident to the occasion, and an hour or two of social converse, I retired to my cot, and forgot earth's cares in a sound slumber.

"This day (Friday) has been rainy. In the morning I made preparations for my most loved sport by cleaning my gun. The rest of the day I have passed in reading 'Mammon,' and the 'Life of Ethan Allen,' which I finished, being the last biography of the first volume of 'Sparks's American Biography.' The other lives in that volume I had read before.

"Saturday morning started for Mr. ——'s. The day was pleasantly cool, and the air bracing and delicious. We went by the way of the Deerpark road, and arrived at the mansion of Mr. ——, where beside his family we met Mrs. —— and her youngest daughter, whom to bring to Branton was the cause of our visit. We all enjoyed, with evident relish, an excellent dinner at two, and at four P. M. J., with

Mrs. —— and her daughter in the carriage, drove off, a few minutes after E. and I started off on our steeds. We had a delightful ride; the afternoon was surpassingly beautiful; we were both in excellent spirits, and our nags seemed also to sympathize with us, for they trotted most willingly. We came over 'Soldier's Delight,' and enjoyed the varied and extensive views which so frequently gladden the sight from the elevated and unwooded summits with which that tract of country abounds. We lost the road, luckily, for we gained new features on the lovely landscape; and by following one of the clear streamlets which intersect the 'Delight,' we regained a road and sped rapidly onward to Branton, where the carriage had arrived some time earlier.

"*Sunday morning.* Rode to the beautifully situated Presbyterian chapel on Lynn's road. Mr. S. W., from Baltimore, opened the services, and delivered a few plain and excellent remarks. Mr. S. followed with an interesting explanation of the design of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he afterward administered. We returned in time for a late dinner. After dinner I read a few Psalms and some pages in 'Mammon,' which I expect to conclude to-night.

"On Sunday evening I finished 'Mammon.' Monday was a delightful day. In the morning I commenced the 'Life of Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist,' and read a Psalm or two, prepared the fishing lines and appurtenances preliminary to our expected fishing excursion in the afternoon. Soon after dinner went to the Patapsco to fish. We succeeded in basketing fifty-seven fish, of which I caught twenty-five, a larger number than was caught by any one of the rest. Being very much fatigued, I retired directly after tea.

"Tuesday was rainy. I finished the 'Life of Alexander Wilson,' read three or four numbers of the 'Patriot,' and other newspapers brought by the post-boy. In the afternoon shot a couple of night-hawks; took a short walk; we were caught in a shower, and returned to partake in a general conversation about love, marriage, and other commonplaces that one can talk about with few efforts to converse.

"Wednesday morning was rainy. Commenced the 'Life of Captain John Smith,' which I finished yesterday, the best thing I could do, as it rained almost constantly. On Wednesday evening I shot two night-hawks. This morning (Friday) I commenced and concluded the 'Life of Wayne.'

"Saturday morning the boys and I went to the run to fish. We commenced at the mill-dam and fished along the run to a few yards below the buckwheat field. We caught four dozen fish, of which I caught twenty-five. About 3 P. M., J. arrived from town with plenty of papers and peaches.

"Sunday morning rode in the carriage to the Freedom church, the sermon preached from the text in Proverbs: 'For the righteous hath hope in his death.' In the afternoon read first chapter of 'Abbott's Young Christian,' and finished the Psalms; commenced the Proverbs. Monday read part of Sir Henry Vane's life."

These passages from his journal record the little daily incidents and occupations during his first two weeks of country leisure. Though then thirty years of age, and having been seven years in practice, these August holydays were enjoyed with as much buoyancy of heart as those of his school-time. To others, his external life from boyhood to manhood must have appeared a happy one. He had passed through his school-days with honor and success; in the prosecution of his law studies he had every advantage that money and leisure could confer; he

knew nothing of the bitter experience of "early struggle" for practice under the goadings of stern necessity, nor had he ever shared the common sorrow of seeing those he loved severed from him by death; yet his inner life, through his professional career, was oppressed and troubled by many things.

It was not the mere physical exertions or mental labors of those months of unbroken toil, constant professional exertion, and wearisome engagements that appear to have fretted and fevered his spirit and preyed upon his health. To him physical exertion in itself was always pleasant and healthful. He could bear it with less fatigue than others of more robust frame. He always preferred walking to riding, even when his prostrated strength demanded the indulgence. The distance between Branton and Friendsbury, seventeen miles, he often traversed on foot, sometimes laden with his gun and gunning accouterments, and of one of these trips he thus pleasantly writes: "Ten minutes before five I had left Branton, its pure, fresh mountain air, its cool sequestered walks, its waving cornfields and dear inmates. Falling rain-drops betokened a coming heavy shower, and the lonely traveler wended rapidly onward. The sun burst with splendor from

the misty envelope that had before shrouded it, and gleamed on the fast advancing wanderer. At half-past seven the traveler is at home; a half-hour more, cupfuls without number of hot spicy coffee, diffusing its aroma around, bread without measure and bacon without stint, are fast disappearing before the voracious appetite of the hungry traveler. Melancholy fact! so thought Moreau aud Marco, my puppies twain, who sat mournfully contemplating the alarming destruction of bread, the rapid diminution of ham slices, none of which, luckless wights! were born to bless their anxious maws."

At a quarter past nine this traveler was on his way to his law office. Physical exertion never brought from him an expression of fatigue or exhaustion, and much study was never a weariness to his flesh or spirit. After being engaged in lonely mental labor, or in the exciting collision of mind with mind in the law debating society or Moot court, he would come to his home with a bright, happy face, eyes sparkling with intellect, and so dark with the peculiar dilatation of the pupil as to appear black; his manner so cheerful and his converse so full of eloquent earnestness that it gladdened the hearts of those who loved him. But when he came from the wearisome

duties of the office his step was languid, his countenance pale and harassed, his eyes dim, with contracted pupils, leaving visible only the pale blue of the iris. And then, too, his words were few, uttered in a faint tone, as though it were a great exertion to give even brief answers to questions asked. He would recline on the sofa in utter exhaustion, needing rest before he could even take his seat at the table. The contrast was painful, and at such times his friends made no demands upon his attention, but silently left him to the repose of body and mind, so requisite in recruiting his strength. Such was the experience of his professional life from its beginning to its close.

To many, the weariness of spirit brought on by his daily work may seem unaccountable; but to those who knew him, and fully understood his nature, it was not strange. He saw the necessity of law in administering justice, but ever shrank from a justice untempered by mercy. In becoming a lawyer he ceased not to be a man, still feeling for his brother man. It was said of him that he never suffered a case committed to him to come before the court if it could be settled amicably. But in adjusting the clashing interests of creditor and debtor, by quieting the urgency of one, and stirring up the procrastina-

tion of the other, there was a wear and tear of mind and heart that left sad traces. It was not strange that he should at times feel "aweary of the great world," its wordy strifes, its eager contests about trifles, its practical abuses and permitted wrongs, or that he should be willing to relinquish its honors and distinctions and remain unknown.

The impression made by the professional character and career of Mr. Baker upon his legal associates has been kindly given by one among them especially fitted to present a faithful estimate, from their mutual friendship and intimate association during the whole of his professional life.

"My acquaintance with him," says this friend, "commenced about the year 1832, when we were members of a debating society in this city, consisting chiefly of students of law, with perhaps one or two of the junior members of the legal profession. The society continued to exist for several years, and until most of us were admitted to the bar.

"The object of the association was at first exclusively the improvement of the members in the practise of debating, and we used to discuss with great zeal, if not always with much wisdom, the important political questions of the day, as well as those topics

of ethics, government, and political economy which usually form the staple of such societies. Some of the discussions made an indelible impression on my mind, and no doubt on the minds of all the members, and probably assisted in forming and maturing opinions which have exerted an important influence on our lives and characters. At a later period of its existence the society established, as a part of its functions, a Moot Court, and once a month an imaginary law case was argued by four of our number, and decided, after mature consideration, by the president for the time being, who acted as judge.

"Mr. Baker was a regular attendant at the meetings, and was universally respected and beloved. His opinion on every subject was considered entitled to weight. In my judgment he was decidedly the best informed of our number on the law, while he was inferior to none in the solid branches of general learning. He seldom spoke. Although in conversation he was *then*, and always afterward, upon subjects that interested him, ready, full, and satisfactory, yet when he could possibly avoid it he never, while he was a member of our association, made a speech, and subsequently, during his whole career at the bar, I do not know that he ever made a set argument. The

cause of this was mainly a constitutional diffidence which he could not surmount, and I think, too, his gentle nature shrank from the exciting and often painful contests of the bar. His repugnance to public speaking of every kind was a subject on which, in the early part of our professional career, I used to remonstrate with him, for I felt it was impossible for him to reach the eminence to which his talents and learning entitled him unless he engaged in the trial of causes, the most interesting and difficult part of the profession. But finding that my remonstrances were of no avail, I ceased to urge them.

"He probably would never have become an eloquent speaker, because he wanted the fire, the vivid imagination, the grace and dramatic power, the flexibility of voice and manner essential to an orator; yet his mind was so full, his memory so ready and retentive, his knowledge of many subjects so ample, his acquaintance with his profession so comprehensive and yet so minute and accurate, his discrimination between right and wrong, the true and the false, so clear and accurate, his manner of expression so simple, earnest and natural, and there was about him such a pervading expression of truth, purity, and goodness, that I do not doubt that he would have

been, both with court and jury, a most weighty and persuasive reasoner. In favor of a bad cause he could not have spoken; in a good one, his own excellence would have been so identified with the cause of his client that he would have been a formidable opponent.

"It is remarkable that, with so few opportunities of displaying his legal knowledge and abilities, he was so justly appreciated by the public and the profession; but appreciated he certainly was. On more than one occasion he was solicited to accept a judgeship in the most important court of our city, and had he consented, the best men of all parties were prepared to unite in his support.

"His qualifications for that high station were admirable. He was deeply learned in the most abstruse branch of the profession, that of real estate, in which few even of the eminent men of our day are proficient, and he was well informed in almost every other department of the law. While he had great respect for authority, he had so strong a sense of justice, and so nice a power of discrimination, that he was not carried away by his learning into blindly following precedents, but was able to appreciate them according to their true value, and to decide

how far it was safe to follow them and to apply them to new cases as they arose.

"His knowledge was always at command. What he had read he generally either remembered correctly, or knew where it might readily be found. And yet he seldom or never took notes of his reading, but relied on the strength of his memory.

"His judgment was remarkably clear and sound. No colorings of prejudice, no considerations of interest, no peculiarities of temper, no eccentricities of thought, nor even partialities of friendship, ever seemed to influence the conclusions at which his intellect arrived.

"He was pre-eminently a lover of truth. In all that he said he was scrupulously accurate, never indulging in overstatements of facts or opinions, but carefully weighing his words; and this love of truth was his guide in the investigations to which he was called by his profession.

"During the latter years of his life his time and strength were so much engaged by the various objects of benevolence, public and private, which were constantly pressed upon him, and into which he entered with great zeal and devotion, that he became desirous rather to retire from practice than to extend

that which he had already acquired, and he gradually ceased to take his former interest in the study of the law. But the learning which he had laid up was not allowed to slumber nor to be forgotten. He was frequently called on by his brethren of the bar, and especially by the younger members, for his opinions on difficult questions, into which he heartily entered, and he always freely gave them the benefit of his learning and experience.

"The last occasion on which I consulted him was on the meaning of an obscure and badly drawn 'Act of Assembly,' which was susceptible of two very difficult constructions, and about which I felt great doubt; but the doubt was soon dispelled by the searching analysis to which he subjected the enactment.

"Our last interview I remember with satisfaction. I had been urging as strongly as I could a point of law before the court, and without my observing him, he had been sitting within the bar, watching the progress of the trial. When the discussion was closed, and before the decision of the court was announced, he came up to me and said: 'There is no doubt that your prayer is right.' This, I believe, was the last time that he was in court.

"Such a man as William George Baker could not fail to be of the greatest use in the profession. After all, nothing is so important and influential for good or ill as character. Its operation is silent, but pervading and enduring. Wherever a man goes, in what work soever he engages, his character impresses all around him. This was the great power which Mr. Baker wielded. His influence was always and everywhere on the side of right. It is not too much to say of him that 'whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report,' he followed these things.

"This is a very hasty and imperfect sketch, and yet it presents the prominent points, as they appeared to me, of my friend's professional character and career."

In a note accompanying the above, the writer says: "It would have been easy to extend it farther. I have never in my life known a purer or more perfect character. Even his imperfections leaned to virtue's side. The influence of his pure example will be felt indirectly by those even who have never seen him or heard his name."

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS ELEMENT DEVELOPED INTO THE FULL WORK OF GRACE.

The true philosopher, decided friend
Of truth and man. Determined foe of all
Deception, calm, collected, patient, wise,
And humble.
His soul redeemed
His passions still'd, above the common world.
Sublime in reason and in aim sublime,
. . . . . Yet from his high pursuits
And reasonings most profound, he still return'd
Home with an humbler and a warmer heart,
And none so lowly bowed before his God,
As none so well his awful majesty
And goodness comprehended, or so well
His own dependency and weakness knew.—POLLOK.

FROM early boyhood William George Baker gave indications of a susceptibility to religious impressions. One instance is still remembered as happening when he was a very little child. During a thunder-storm, accompanied by high winds and a heavy fall of rain, his nervous excitement filled him with fearful apprehensions of danger. Hastening to the farthest corner

of the room, he knelt down by a chair, and offered up an earnest prayer for protection in the simple language of childhood. On rising from his kneeling posture he hurried back to his mother, cheerfully exclaiming, "Mother, mother, our house is built on a rock, ain't it, mother?" Those who suppose that the young mind cannot grasp the great thought of God and his providence, may ascribe the result to the accidental recollection of what he had heard read of the house built upon a rock, that could not be shaken; but why should it be thought strange that God should hear and answer the lisped prayer of childhood's faith? There are mysteries in the soul of infancy too deep to be fathomed or understood by the metaphysician or the psychologist. In the diary we find the following allusion to his early feelings during a thunder-storm:

"On Tuesday afternoon and night we had a succession of thunder-storms. In the afternoon, with a feeling of solemnized delight, I watched the vivid bursts of lightning, sometimes darting in perpendicular lines to earth, again leaping from cloud to cloud in curvilinear or zigzag streams, accompanied or quickly followed by the quick, sharp, stunning rattle, or the more distant and long-resounding roar of the

thunder. In early childhood, I well remember my excessive alarm at a thunder-gust; now I always am impressed with feelings of pleasure, not akin to mirth or joyousness, but alike to those impressions of solemnity and awe with which we regard the sublime and magnificent scenery of nature or the stupendous works of art."

The following fragment, descriptive of a coming storm, judging from the handwriting, must have been written at an earlier period than the journal:

"How calm, how beautiful is night!
The moon looks holy from the dim starr'd sky;
There's not a breath to stir the waveless leaves.
No insect hum, nor wonted murmuring
Sullenly booming from the distant falls,
Breaks on the death-like silence of the scene.
The quiet is foreboding; the omen dread
Of brooding storm. Hist! that long low tone
That slowly falls upon the listening ear,
It is the muttering thunder. How dark
Yon cloudy limit of th' awakened vision!
The thunder-storm is coming. The eddying blast
Now presses fearfully the groaning oaks.
Peace! Soul, be still! God in his pow'r is nigh;
He can direct the whirlwind, rule the storm."

His morbidly sensitive temperament led him at all times to shrink from scenes of sickness, suffering, or

death, and when but four years old he became singularly affected by sudden attacks of high nervous excitement that came on him during his sleep. He would start up out of his bed and pass rapidly over the room, his eyes open, but showing no sign of awakened consciousness, and his countenance bearing the expression of terror. These came on him occasionally for several years afterward. The family physician, who was sent for after the first attack, could not discover any physical derangement sufficient to cause it, and ascribed it to the shock his nervous system had received from having been taken to look upon the corpse of his grandfather, and having witnessed soon after the sudden death and funeral solemnities of an uncle. The latter event must have made a deep impression on the susceptible feelings of the child. This uncle, who resided in the country, had come to town to visit his sister. Not finding her at home, he took his seat in the nursery with the children, and while playing with them was taken so suddenly and alarmingly ill, that he could not be moved from the room. A bed was brought in, and when the physician, his sister, and brother-in-law arrived he was found to be dying. The confusion and consternation of the household, the weeping friends, the groans

extorted from the suffering body, the loud rejoicing of the departing spirit in anticipation of its joyous release, the affectionate exhortations to all around him to meet him in heaven, made it a night not easily forgotten. Equally impressive was the contrast of the succeeding day, in the darkened rooms, the white drapery covering the furniture, the hushed voices, the silently moving footsteps, the pale, still, coffined corpse. Such an incident would have painfully affected any child; but to one so physically and morally sensitive as William George Baker, it was not strange that its effects should have been serious and lasting.

He was always liable throughout his life to be overpowered by any sudden alarm, distressing news, or unexpected danger. His fears were more quickly excited for others than himself, and this rendered him so anxious respecting those who traveled under his charge, that while they rallied him for his nervous timidity, they felt obliged on his account to restrain their own reckless spirit of adventure. It was for this reason he preferred to travel alone, feeling that he could trust himself in dangerous explorations where he was fearful of trusting others. With such an anxious temperament, how happy was it for him that he was prepared for the sad bereavements that

awaited him, by having previously learned to trust the dearest treasures of his affection to God, and to hold them as precious loans and not as abiding gifts.

Possessing a mind so conscientious from his early years, and a heart so easily touched by religious impressions, it is difficult to trace his religious convictions to their source. For many years he read the Scriptures habitually. He enjoyed the perusal of religious books, and listened with attention to the preached word; but how long the Spirit of God was moving over his heart and drawing him to Christ before he gave outward evidence of his desire to become wholly his, is known only to God. The causes and occasion that led to his coming out before others to make a public declaration of his willingness to give up all for Christ we find thus detailed in his journal of 1840:

"On Thursday, August 20, rode to camp-meeting, and stayed all night. The next day heard an impressive exhortation from Mr. B., and a deeply interesting experience from a young Virginian, who had been a religious man, a class-leader and exhorter, removed to the West, married, lost his wife, and in the agony of his mind parted with his religion; tried various means to throw off his agony of feelings, went to sea

with that hope. Came to Baltimore, thence was induced to come to camp-meeting, and was again made happy in the enjoyment of the love of Christ. I was much affected, and when afterward the invitation to those who wished to seek religion was given, I almost felt induced to accept the offer and go to the altar. I advanced, but my feelings were then so cold that I stopped before entering. I had serious conversations with two of my female relatives, in which I explained to them the nature of my feelings, that, knowing that my friends, who so earnestly wished and prayed for my conversion, would be so happy to see me making some effort for that purpose, I was almost induced to approach the altar because my friends so much desired it. They both persuaded me to make the attempt, although my own feelings would not induce me to take that step. The morning sermon was an eloquent but comparatively cold discourse. I became very indifferent, almost determined not to go. The invitation being then given to the seekers, I did not intend to comply, when H. came to invite me, affected to tears, so as hardly able to speak. I told him that my feelings did not induce me to go, but that in compliance with his wishes and those of my dear friends I would. I then deliberately

handed him my hat and walked to the altar and knelt down. I heard Mr. V. loudly exclaim, Halleluia! and he then talked and prayed for me. I was affected, but my heart was not warmed. I felt no contrition. I was not humble. I entreated that I might be made conscious of my sinfulness. After being on my knees for some time a thunder-storm approached, and I was led by —— to our tent. He talked with me some time; I unfolded to him my feelings; he urged me to persevere, spoke with so much kindness and so much good sense that I hope to remember him always for good. In the afternoon I went to a prayer-meeting, occupied the mourner's bench again, and was kindly prayed with and advised by several friends. I felt cold still. At night Mr. B. made an excellent address. I went again to the altar, remained there about an hour, was very kindly talked to; but I could not feel contrite, could not feel my sins so deeply and clearly as to produce conviction and repentance. I then went to another prayer-meeting in a tent, led in by Aunt A. She and my cousins were very much affected. I went on my knees; my heart was not softened.

"On Saturday (this morning) I went to prayer-meeting; I did not go to the altar, but returned to

our tent; shortly afterward returned to Branton. I have now tried to determine that I will live in obedience to the will of God, to follow his precepts. O that I may be enabled by assistance from on high to be firm and resolved in my purpose to seek my salvation! *I feel that I can do nothing without the Holy Spirit.* I cannot melt my own heart; my plans and schemes for effecting my conversion I feel to be ineffective. May the Holy Spirit breathe into my mind what I must do, and may grace be given adequate to sustain me in what I ought to do! Let me not forget the friends who so kindly have endeavored to aid me on my way, and my dear relatives. Mother said not a word; her heart was too full. To Uncle S. I owe much for his kind assistance. Aunt A. and Cousin A. L. I cannot forget. It was their persuasions and my dear brother's tears that, under God, were the principal inducements for me to approach the altar, thereby making a public declaration that I would give up the world for Christ.

"I have read the third chapter of "Abbott's Young Christian," a book delightful to me now. My dear Sister O. sent it up to me two weeks ago. I long to meet her and join with her in prayer for my conversion."

There is something in a sudden conversion that seems to accord with human expectations, and it is therefore a common error to lead those desiring to become Christians to look for an instantaneous display of God's power by a sudden change from darkness to light, from the depths of despair to the heights of joyfulness. There are many who are most strongly impressed by the "great wind, the earthquake, and the fire," but happier they who hear the still small voice when all else is hushed. It was this voice that spoke to Mr. Baker in the solitude of his chamber, making known to him the great truth that human plans and endeavors are in themselves ineffective, that he could do nothing without the Holy Spirit, and leading him to pray that this "Spirit might show him what he must do, and that grace might be given to sustain him in what he ought to do." Such lessons as these cannot be learned from man; they are taught of God, bearing evidence of his wisdom and his power.

The three weeks he had appropriated for recruiting his strength had now passed, and on Monday morning, August 24, he left Branton to return to his home and his business. The next date in his journal is August 31, in which he thus reviews the past week:

"*Monday, August* 31. Sunday week I spent at Branton; as there was no preaching in the neighborhood read the Bible and 'Abbott's Young Christian.' The next morning left Branton and returned to Friendsbury. Found the family all well. At night went to prayer-meeting; went to the altar, where several kindly encouraged me; Sister O. also knelt by my side.

"Tuesday morning went to town to my office. Found out that my approaching the altar was known, at least to some members of the bar; was pleased when —— introduced the subject: was not it from fear of introducing it myself? May I be blessed with humility! Tuesday night went with Uncle S. and Aunt A. to Light-street church; went to the altar. I at first thought I would not go, as I had experienced before that no one of those who talked with me appreciated or seemed to know the state of my feelings, and in consequence interrupted instead of carrying on my trains of thought, and thereby created a kind of mental confusion; but again I thought that the suggestion might arise from pride, or shame to come out as one seeking Christ, and when the preacher, in his invitation to seekers, gave as one of the reasons in favor of approaching the altar that

thereby others might be induced to follow, I went up. Several friends kindly conversed with me. My feelings were very calm there, as heretofore. I could not feel a deep contrition for my sins. I felt and knew that I had through life neglected the laws of our Saviour; that what I had done properly was not done through any motives of pleasing *Him;* yet I could not feel the deep agony that so generally is experienced by the others who are awakened. I mentioned my feelings to Mr. B., one of the ministers present. He said that such had been his feelings, that he had enjoyed a religious education, and that his change to religion was gradual, without that sudden and instant evidence of acceptance by Christ that I desired to experience.

"*Wednesday, August* 26. Spent the day at my office; was much worried by business; at dinner time, weak and exhausted, went to my room to read and pray; felt more relieved than I had yet been by prayer. At night went to a prayer-meeting, enjoyed the first part; but the latter part, the singing, was too loud to please me."

Such is the record given by Mr. Baker respecting the external circumstances attending his first coming

out publicly as an earnest seeker after salvation through Christ. We see the childlike submission with which he was willing to be led as others thought best, giving up his own views and feelings in the fear that they might unconsciously be biased by wrong motives. We trace the same humility of spirit causing him to feel self-condemned when he measured his own conviction of sin by the deep agony expressed by others around him. And how touching is it to read his grateful appreciation of the intended kindness of those who endeavored to aid him, even while conscious that their counsels overclouded his mind by intercepting the rays of divine truth gradually irradiating Christ before him in all his fullness as the atoning sacrifice, the interceding high priest, the redeemer and sanctifier. How important this suggestion to many whose mistaken zeal leads them to interfere with the silent operation of the Spirit by the intrusion of human efforts. There may be a fitting time to speak; but how few know when it is best to speak or what is best to be spoken. Prayer, if offered as prayer should be, is never out of place. To implore the assistance of God that the Holy Spirit may reveal Christ to the soul struggling for this great blessing, is usually the wiser and bet-

ter part for human counselors. The process through which each individual soul must be brought is known only to God; the deepest reverence, therefore, is due to the mighty agent who is working out the great work of human salvation. Man's mission to his fellow-man, as appointed of God, is to proclaim the truth revealed in his word, and this truth alone is the power of God unto salvation. His only credentials, "Thus saith the Lord;" without this he is not warranted to excite a fear or to elevate a hope. Any scheme to save sinners, of man's own devising, or any course leading others to trust implicitly to his judgment respecting that work which can be only truly known by the divine agent and the soul acted upon, must inevitably result in error of doctrine and evil in practice.

That which cometh not with observation is unsatisfying to human nature, which glories in speedy, visible results. The plant that springs up into full foliage in a single night is more highly prized than that which first requires the seed to be hidden in the earth, there to lie gradually germinating until it emerges into sight, and then must be still longer waited for that its maturity may excite the attention of others. How many of these gourds, that wither

away as speedily as they spring up, are found in the garden of the Lord, where every plant should be perennial in greenness and beauty; and how often are the Jonahs that rejoiced in them obliged to mourn over their sudden decay! May not much of the lukewarmness, the coldness in God's service, and of the growing love and conformity to the world and its usages that are found in the Churches of the present day, be the result of man's presumption in trespassing on the province belonging to God?

When Mr. Baker took his place as a member of the visible Church he had calmly and prayerfully examined his title to be called a child of God. He felt that he was born into newness of life through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. And then, as at the beginning, he acknowledged that he could do nothing without the Holy Spirit, and sought for continual supplies of grace, that he might be sustained in doing all that ought to be done in the service of Christ to the glory of God.

Shortly after the exercises detailed in his journal he had a protracted illness. It was a low gastric fever, continuing without intermission for two weeks. In a review of three months, dated December 16, he says: "My feelings during my illness were calm and

peaceful, when I was supposed to be very low and in in a critical state; still I had no fear of death. This proceeded, I believe, rather from a conviction that I was not in a dangerous condition, than from a confidence that I was prepared to die.

"During my sickness I received much and unexpected attention from my friends, which I hope I shall never forget. In my protracted convalescence I had ample opportunity for reading, which I did not neglect. I finished the perusal of the Old Testament, September 29, (I commenced it February 17, 1840,) and the New Testament, October 3. October 4, commenced again the New Testament, and October 25, the Old. October 4, began to read 'Advice to a Young Christian;' finished it on October 12. October 2, commenced the life of Ferdinand and Isabella, the first volume of which I have read. Commenced also 'The Great Teacher.' My convalescence continued very gradual until the latter part of October, when I improved very rapidly, and gained more *pinguitude*, and of course weight, than was ever my lot to have heretofore. My maximum heaviness by trial was one hundred and thirty-one pounds; before my sickness it was one hundred and seventeen pounds. About the middle of October I spent two or three

days at Branton, and about the 26th came to my office to attend to business, having been absent nearly two months.

"On the first Sunday in November partook the sacrament for the first time. May I become a pure and humble Christian, in whom is no guile! I have attended two class-meetings; much affected by the exercises of each.

"In the early part of November commenced staying in town at night, since which time I have been closely and constantly engaged at my business. Seldom have I applied myself more closely, so much so that I have feared my strength would fail me. I shall endeavor to struggle through my burdensome office engagements until next summer, when, if they become too oppressive, I must retire and commence business alone."

In closing the above review of feelings and events since the previous date of August 31, he says: "I have now in the most slipshod manner hastily narrated the events of my life for the last three months and a half, and hope in future to transcribe more regularly into my journal my '*res actæ et agendæ. Au revoir.*

"*December* 19, 1840. Night before last I went to

Wilk-street meeting house to attend a meeting of the Washington and Howard Temperance Societies. I was unexpectedly delighted with the occurrences of the evening. Dr. M.'s argument, to prove that the Bible did not advocate the use of wine, was plain, sensible, and convincing. The experience of the members was very interesting. The narration of one of the members, a Mr. Hawkins, a journeyman hatter, was eloquent, fraught with deep feeling and natural oratory. The tears of an attentive audience attested the power and effectiveness of his address.

"*February* 14, 1841. *Sunday afternoon.* It is with a feeling of regret that on opening my journal I find that my last entry is so remote as December 19, 1840. How many events have since happened that I cannot recall to record them here! Christmas, the end of the old and the beginning of the new year, and the anniversary of my birthday, have passed away unnoticed.

"On the 18th January I attended an anniversary meeting of the Missionary Society. It was addressed by Mr. John R. and Mr. Kidder, a missionary to Brazil. Mr. Kidder's narrative was very interesting, as is always the case when any one relates facts as he has observed them, without attempting to attract attention by extravagance of statement or unnatural

style. I have also in the interval attended two or three lectures at the Mercantile Library Association. The lecture of Dr. Bethune on the 'Age of Pericles,' and that of R. C. Long on 'Architecture,' were admirable. I have finished Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, second to no English history.

"*Tuesday, August* 10, 1841. Laments over neglect to continue my journal, and resolutions for the future, are alike useless. Constant engagements and consequent want of time, weariness of body and a long-continued and increasing indisposition to compose, even such trifles as these, have prevented, and I believe will still prevent, the performance of my resolution to keep a journal. To night, August 10, I have finished the third volume of Bancroft's History of the United States."

A few days after the above date he attended a camp-meeting in Baltimore County, (August 16,) and after giving a condensed summary of the texts, the sermons, and the speakers, he says: "The camp-meeting was to me very pleasant; there were but few strangers or persons not disposed to conform to order and quiet. The sermons were plain and practical, and therefore excellent. Since Monday 23 have been engaged constantly and laboriously in the various duties

of my office; hope ere long to be freed from such constant labor; too little time to devote to self-improvement, to religious exercises or social duties."

Here occurs another break in the journal, the succeeding entry being dated eighteen months later than the one above quoted. Those who saw him at home can easily account for these frequent interruptions, and the difficulty of keeping a regular diary, of which he so often speaks. The pressure of his office engagements bore heavily, at all times, on his health and spirits. His strenuous efforts to keep up through the day enabled him to get through his labors without exciting the observation of others; but when he came home at evening, feeling no further necessity for this painful struggle, he gave way to his weariness and exhaustion. Such a condition of body and mind unfitted him for any other employment than his favorite one, reading, and as soon as his recumbent position had given him rest, he would take up a book and read continuously for hours. He was not one of those whom Beaumont has said, "can no more help putting their thoughts on paper, than a traveler in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water;" for to him, as he so frequently expresses it, writing was always more a labor than a pleasure.

The next passage in his journal is dated, "1843, *March* 9. The last entry in my journal I find to be on the 31st August, 1841; more than eighteen months have elapsed since. How vain are all my resolutions! How little can I depend on myself ever to perform what can so easily be done! I do not feel it to be important, and my proneness to put off what I am not compelled to do has left so long a period of my life unrecorded. My last aspirations expressed here were for freedom from professional toils, leisure for self-improvement; desires of this nature are vain unless I act; I *must take time.* I have dissolved my professional connection since the 1st of July last, but still I complain of want of time. Let me now hope to systematize my engagements, to act less from the feelings of the moment, and more from a deliberately settled plan; *hope*, I say, for my frequent failures admonish me not to *resolve.* I have just finished D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' a delightful work to me. I find that historical and biographical works become more and more fascinating as I am less able to indulge in their perusal.

"I read with the greatest avidity 'Thier's French Revolution.' This was during the last spring and summer I think. My object now is to follow up a

course of reading historical and biographical works connected in time or facts. M'Crie's Life of John Knox I wish to read next, if I can procure it. I am now reading Harris's 'Great Commission.' Excellent, as are all his publications.

"1843, *April* 3, *Monday*. I have just finished Harris's 'Great Commission,' and commenced Borrow's 'Bible in Spain.'

"*April* 13. Finished 'Bible in Spain;' rambling, amusing, sketch-graphic descriptions of wonderful adventures, particularly among the lower classes of Spaniards.

"1843, *May* 10. Finished 'M'Crie's Life of Knox,' which I commenced about 13th April. M'Crie's Life of Andrew Melville I now propose to take up.

"1843, *June* 8. A family meeting; all of father's grandchildren, and all the sons, daughters, and sons-in-law, except one son and one son-in-law, spent the day at Friendsbury. There were present a grandfather and grandmother, eleven sons and daughters, and seventeen grandchildren. It was a joyous day, but to me touched with a tinge of melancholy from the reflection that we should never all meet again on earth.

"*July* 19. Finished to-night M'Crie's works—

Life of John Knox, Life of Andrew Melville, Memoirs of Veitch; Wallace's Sketch of the Rising at Pentland Hills, and Ure's Account of the Rising at Bothwell Bridge.

"*August* 21, *Monday.* On Thursday, August 10, left Baltimore in the cars for New Windsor Springs. When we had gone about two miles from the outer depot the engine ran over two cows, which were killed. The engine, tender, and a burden car went over them without being thrown off the track, but the first passenger car was thrown entirely off and upset. The hinder wheels of the baggage car, and the front wheels of the second passenger car were also removed from the track. The next car, the ladies' car, in which we were, was not in the slightest degree injured; we only felt a slight shock occasioned by the sudden stopping of the train. Fortunately no one was fatally injured, although there were many in the first car who were cut and bruised. This accident occasioned a detention of two hours, as the rails were for about six yards entirely torn away, and had to be replaced and the track repaired. We reached Woodbine, and from there in a heavy rain we (Mr. H., a Presbyterian clergyman, two ladies and two children) started in two carriages and a

buggy for the Springs, distant about sixteen miles. At half past five we reached New Windsor.

"At night a protracted meeting commenced in the Presbyterian church; attended the meetings Friday and Saturday. On Sunday we had preaching in a grove about a quarter of a mile from New Windsor, an admirable location. The services were most numerously attended on the Sabbath. Mr. B. preached from Acts ii, 21. Mr. H. immediately followed with a sermon on Proverbs xiii, 21. In the afternoon Mr. W. preached from Luke xxiv, 26, and at night a young minister from Frederick preached in the church from Romans i, 16.

"Monday and Tuesday attended the services; closing sermon on Tuesday night. I have finished to-day, August 21, the History of the Church of Scotland to 1841, by Hetherington. The work was lent to me by R. J. Breckenridge. On Friday last O. and I rode to Union Town, and almost every day since the protracted meeting closed we have taken walks of from three to five miles around New Windsor. The country is undulating and well cultivated. There is no wildness nor abruptness of scenery, few forests; the woods are small, and comparatively few in numbers."

It will be seen from these extracts from his journal that he carried out his plan of systematic reading. He luxuriated in books. In their companionship he found communion suited to every mood of mind or feeling, regarding the marshaled ranks of quiet friends on his book-shelves as his highest earthly treasure. It was a pleasant sight to watch him as he read. His mouth relaxed into a half-smiling expression, his bright eye quickly glancing across the page from line to line, his animated countenance, all told of the fascination that held him spell-bound, and the eager, earnest avidity with which he partook of the intellectual feast before him.

He had a passion for books independent of their intrinsic value. Even the little volumes that had pleased him in childhood were fondly looked upon and treasured up as though they had been the rarest gems of the bibliographer. The delight expressed on his countenance when an old copy of Weems's Life of Washington that he feared was lost was brought to him, is still remembered. He had loved it when a boy, and with gratified feelings he put it in its own place beside the Life of Marion, with the other books he had kept from his childhood. Those who understood him not would smile at this as one

of his peculiarities, and think it strange that he could value those little old books, when he possessed so extensive a library, enriched by the most valuable works of history, science, and literature; but surely this feeling was not more strange than the dreamy delight of the artist as he looks fondly on the rude pictured sketches that first awakened a passion for his chosen art. He sees in them more than others see. These little things are connected with the first springing up of mental emotions; they become a part of his individuality, and from them he traces his after progress to a maturity of taste. And with these little books too there were pleasant memories. It was from these that he drew his first enjoyment in history and biography. This love, so early awakened, continued to grow with his growth until he accumulated a store of knowledge such as is rarely gained by those whose lives are spent, as his was, in the business and bustle of life, and in active works of usefulness to society.

CHAPTER V.

INTERCOURSE WITH FEMALE SOCIETY — FRIENDSHIPS AND SPECIAL ATTACHMENTS.

O the joy,
The rich, deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
Fear that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
Of strong affection in one healthful flow,
On something all its own.—MRS. HEMANS.

Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.—M. J. DEWSBURY.

MR. BAKER was of a deeply affectionate nature. But there was nothing, even in his childhood, of that excitable, caressing fondness belonging to the impetuous and the variable, sometimes in connection with exacting selfishness, and too often mistaken for true affection. Writing of himself in a letter to a friend, he says, in a tone of pleasantry: "I cannot exist without loving; before I was three years old I loved a child of beauty, whom I only remember as having worn a yellow calico frock with red spots in it. I

love my dogs, I love my gun. I love Miss ——, and Miss ——, and many others too numerous to mention, as the auctioneers' catalogues have it." This playful confession of having loved several was never shown in his conduct, for so great was his difidence in boyhood that he usually withdrew from the family circle when any of their young female visitors were expected. When older, he sometimes spoke of one who used to be his boyish ideal; but during her visits he never came where she was, nor could he be induced to join the children in their sports when she was among them. Like all dreamy, enthusiastic, and reserved natures, it is probable that he fixed upon some one as an embodiment of the spirit that sometimes moved athwart his imaginative sketchings.

When this difidence wore off, as he mingled more in society he took pleasure in female companionship in the social circle, though he never overcame his distaste for the gatherings conventionally termed "large parties." Among his familiar friends and acquaintances he could enjoy society, and become an agreeable companion to all with whom he associated; entering into the sportiveness of the young, whose thoughts and feelings bore only the light impress of the passing hour, and interesting the older, the wiser,

and more deeply intellectual by unfolding the treasures of his own richly endowed mind.

It was to him a pleasant relaxation, after the toils of business, to visit the families with whom he was intimate, attracted sometimes by the music, and at others by their cheerful converse. Toward the elder members he felt as a son, to the younger he was like unto a brother. He would playfully criticise their faults, frankly approve what he thought right, and take the same interest in them as if they had been his sisters. Yet he had no idea of being a lover, nor of supposing that he would be considered as such by others.

He knew that the agreeable associate of an evening's leisure and the companion of a lifetime required far different qualifications. In the maturity of manhood he had formed a high ideal, and was rarely and singularly blesssed in meeting with one who realized all that his heart and his judgment had deemed requisite. He had seen her when a schoolgirl at his own home, and was attracted by her sweet gentleness of manner and her retiring modesty; but it was not until several years afterward that he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her. Since the time he first saw her, both had given up

the world to follow Christ. They had learned to estimate each other's character from others who knew them both, and to this mutual appreciation of minds and tastes was added the highest attraction, that of kindred piety, and equal love for God and devotion to his service.

She was a rich and rare model of Christian womanhood. In the midst of worldly temptations and worldly influences, she lived apart in consecration to Christ. Turning aside from the gay worldlings who courted her society, and sought to bring her into the pursuit of vanity and folly, she found her happiness in going into the humble dwellings of the neglected poor, administering to their temporal and spiritual necessities, and devoting her time, her energies, and her wealth in doing good unto others.

The school acquaintance that she had formed with Mr. Baker's sisters had been kept up by the occasional interchange of morning calls, and his first visit was made when accompanying them to her home. An incident connected with this visit gave him an insight into her character that might not otherwise have been obtained during an ordinary acquaintance of years. She had just returned from an interview with a dying friend, and in her deep emotion uncon-

sciously revealed the thoughts and feelings of her own heart on the great subjects of time and eternity. The impression made on his mind during this brief visit was never effaced. It became deepened as after opportunities afforded a more thorough knowledge of her devotional piety, her labors of usefulness, her intellectual tastes, and her attractive gentleness of disposition. He felt that to be blessed with one like her as a companion through life would be too much happiness to hope for or anticipate. He shrank with sensitive reserve from making his feelings known, and gave place to others whom he thought better suited to obtain her favor. The deep enjoyment he experienced in her society induced him to continue his occasional visits; but it was not until nearly a year after he became acquainted with her that he ventured to give expression to his feelings, or permitted her to know how long he had deeply and silently loved.

The emotions of these kindred hearts seem too sacred to be made known, save unto that pure and holy Being who formed them for each other, and brought them together for a brief space to give them an earnest of that sweet communion of saints to be enjoyed in a brighter, better world. The only in-

ducement to draw aside the vail from this hidden altar is the thought that others may be made better in witnessing the surpassing loveliness, the spiritual beauty of an affection that had in it so much of heaven, so little of earth. Three months after the last date in his journal we find the next record:

"*November* 15, 1843, *Wednesday night.* Last night occurred the most important event of my life, so far as my earthly happiness is concerned. I attended the Anniversary of the Bible Society with M. On our return I told her my love, and that I felt my unworthiness of her. She told me that she had met with opposition, from whom was untold; that she had not even the satisfaction to know what were my feelings toward her; that whether we should be united time would determine; her desire and object was to do her duty; to know this she would seek Divine guidance. What will be the issue I know not. I have sought for light and aid from Him who loveth us and hath given himself for us. O may he guide us, and lead us to act for his glory and our eternal welfare! to disregard selfishness, and to do according to his good pleasure.

"What is the nature of the opposition or from whom I cannot tell. She loves, but will not permit her affec-

tion to lead her to do aught unless assured that it is not inconsistent with her duty. I passed a sleepless night; to-day I have suffered much; the suspense is too wearing. I must know more. May thy Holy Spirit, O my heavenly Father, comfort me and enlighten me! and O may thy consolations make me even to rejoice with exceeding joy whatever may be the event, whether my earthly happiness be overclouded, or be made complete by the possession of one who in loveliness of character, as a Christian and as a woman, I have never seen equaled! I have been often troubled with doubts whether I ought to marry. May I live in that state wherein I may live most to the glory of my Redeemer and the good of my fellowmen! and may I be directed and guided in this, as in all things, by Him who knoweth all things, who careth for us, and knoweth what we have need of better than we ourselves! Give me a meek, a lowly mind, and guide me in all I say or do. Make me and keep me a disciple of Jesus, without guile; as to all things else, they are valueless.

"*November* 17, *Friday night.* To-night I am so happy; my love has been returned; we are not engaged, but consent has been given that I may visit her as a friend. To see her, to know her sentiments

toward me, to converse with her, is happiness enough. O may I be kept humble, and thankful to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift! May we be blessed with joy and peace—that peace that the world cannot give or take away. Preserve me, O Lord, from pride and vanity. Give me an humble and contrite heart, and let me ever submit myself to the guidance entirely of thy Holy Spirit. So may I be preserved under temptations and trials, and be enabled, through thy grace, to grow strong in faith and in a good conscience.

"*November* 25, *Saturday night.* On last Monday night I saw my dear M. again, and spent the evening most delightfully. *Delightfully* cannot express the full meaning of the deep, heartfelt pleasure I enjoyed. She told me that —— had consented that I might call as often as I wished; my visits were not to be restricted to one a week. M. played Musette de Nina, and some most delightful hymns. With sweet music and still sweeter converse our evening glided away. How excellent and still more excellent I find her. How thankful I feel that so rich a treasure of excellence has been granted me. I feel more and more my unworthiness when I contrast myself with her.

"On Wednesday night I saw her again, attended

her to the Session room, heard a sermon preached from Hebrews iv, 2, returned and spent the evening with her. How different were my feelings from the Monday night previous. She told me of renewed opposition; no objections against me had been stated. Her feelings had suffered in consequence, and I dreaded lest we might after so much happiness be separated. Gloomy and sad were my forebodings. I am inclined to despondency, and this change, so unlooked for and so chilling, caused me deep and abiding sorrow. She requested me not to call till the following Monday; but on Friday last, in the afternoon, I was summoned to go with her to the prayer-meeting at the lecture room, and O how gladly did I obey the summons! I went to the house, but from the inclemency of the weather we did not go to the meeting. That evening passed most sweetly. Her brother had used his influence in my favor; how I thank him for his kindness. —— has told me that to no one could he confide his dear sister with more willingness than to me. And Miss ——, how can I sufficiently thank her, the constant friend, the confidant of my dearest M.; she who at all times spoke the word of consolation to her, and proved my friend when I was entirely ignorant of her great and unmer-

ited kindness. I am now happy again. May my humility and my gratitude be increased! for how have I been blessed; with how many mercies has my life been crowned. In one week, from Friday 17, how much of joy that could not be told and of deep-felt anguish did I feel. Now I am calm, assured of her deep and enduring affection, and hoping for a cessation of opposition. To be allowed to see her, to hold that intimate communion of heart with heart that only those who are all in all to each other can feel, is happiness so intense that I ask no more. The future I leave to determine whether and when we may be united by that holy bond which will make us one in law as we are now one in our affections and feelings.

"As we were going to church on Wednesday night M. gave me her 'Social Hymns.' She has requested me twice to write something for her, prose or poetry; how I feel my utter inability to compose anything worthy of her, or worthy my own unexpressed feelings. May we be ever kept by the Holy Spirit in the way of life! ever be sustained, and supported, and constrained by the love of Christ to do and suffer his will joyfully, to live for each other, and, if it be according to his good pleasure, be united by the holiest of ties and grow in love and increasing affection toward

each other and toward Him who loveth us, daily and hourly until our change comes.

"*December* 19, 1843, *Wednesday.* Last night I accompanied my dear M. to the lecture at the Mercantile Library Association. The lecturer evinced ability, fine imagination, but ill-regulated taste. The evening I spent with M.; at the latter part she was Il Penseroso, gave way to feelings too desponding. This evening I went with her to the Session room, and heard an excellent sermon from a young minister whose name I did not learn. His text was from John xvi, 23, 24. Went home with my dearest M. and spent an evening of heartfelt joy. We felt the luxury of loving and being loved, the consciousness that we were all in all to each other. She is mine, wholly mine, by deep and holy affection, and I am unchangingly hers. If there ever was a character of unmixed excellence, one to attract enduring love, it is hers. The more I know her, the more highly I esteem her loveliness of soul, her excellence; but language always appears too cold to express my feelings. I shrink from any expression of my love, it seems so far below my feelings. May we be guided aright by Him who careth for us!

"*January* 1, 1844. I spent this evening with my

dear M.; the first part of the evening we were alone. After eight o'clock Mrs. —— came into the room and spent the evening with us. I conversed with her, but not about that most important subject, my love to her incomparable daughter. I have seen her but once before since my engagement. I hope to be better acquainted with her, and to be able to prove myself a son in affection to her.

"Last night (Sunday) I went with M. to church; on our return we spent a few minutes together, but O how much of joy was concentrated in these few moments! May I be worthy of such rich, exhaustless affection. I then went to the watch-meeting at Light-street Church. Mr. H. and Mr. B. preached. I received much consolation, sang the Covenant Hymn, and consecrated myself to the service of my God, looking unto his Holy Spirit to sustain my weakness, to guide me by his wisdom, and to preserve me from darkness, from error, and from wandering from the paths of life and truth. O may I ever keep this covenant unbroken! May I live during this year, into which I have just entered, more to His honor and glory! and may I henceforth do his will until life shall be ended in a happy immortality!

"May God bless me and my Margaret with the rich

and abundant treasures of his grace, keep us by his power, watch over us and save us, for the sake of Jesus our Saviour, Redeemer, and everlasting Head!"

The same sweet spirit of heavenly-mindedness that made their affection so sacred was shown even in the little familiar notes that passed between them. On one occasion, being prevented from accompanying each other by a previous engagement, she says: "I would prefer being with you, but believe it would be thought unkind by those expecting me, and therefore choose duty instead of inclination. How much happier am I now than I deserve to be, than when distrusting and impatient. Pray that I may be forgiven, and taught to trust our merciful God at all times and under all circumstances. May he grant you his choicest blessings!"

In replying he says: "Under other circumstances I would gladly accompany you; but I too must choose duty instead of inclination. As it will be my friend's first appearance as a public speaker, a position always embarrassing, but which the presence of sympathizing friends will render in some degree less painful, and especially as he has particularly desired me to attend, I cannot fail to be there. But

immediately after the lecture I will be with you at Judge P.'s, for there both duty and affection combine to attract me.

"That feeling of distrust and impatience for which you blame yourself, followed as it often is by unanticipated happiness, has been my frequent experience. How often have I looked forward with painful forebodings to events which, when they have come, have been attended with unmingled happiness, and I have been humbled at my own want of faith. It is my wish that I may always possess a spirit of entire trustfulness and resignation, that I may ever feel that He who careth for me will guard and keep me, and guide me aright in whatever situation I may be placed, so that I may receive every dispensation of Providence as a blessing and a token of his love, and in everything give thanks.

"May God bless you by his Spirit, ever sustain and strengthen you, and enable you evermore to rejoice!"

The secret of the happiness alluded to she delicately shrank from imparting by writing, and it was not until the next evening that opportunity was found to tell him that consent to their union had been given, and it was then he found happiness instead of realiz-

ing the painful forebodings of separation, which he sometimes gave way to.

"*Saturday, January* 6, 1844. On last Tuesday evening I heard my friend H. lecture, and afterward went to Judge P.'s, where Dr. Baird met a few persons and gave a most interesting narrative of the Protestant cause in France. I heard the concluding part only and was much pleased. May the great Head of the Church bless the labors of his faithful servants there, and in every place where they are struggling to promote the cause of the Gospel! May error, superstition, and prejudice give way before the glorious light of Gospel truth, and the earth be filled with the glory of the name of our Redeemer!

"On Wednesday evening went to the session room, and after our return my dear M. informed me that her mother had consented to our union, if after five or six months our sentiments toward each other should continue unchanged. May we change only in loving each other more and more, and with a purer affection daily, and in living more and more in conformity to the will of our blessed Redeemer! My Margaret becomes daily more dear; so lovely in character, so pure, so meek and self-distrusting a disciple of Jesus, how can I love her enough? May our

love for each other strengthen, and increase our love to Him who died for us, and ever liveth to shield us from evil and to guard us from sin and error! May we put our trust in him entirely and implicitly, and seek continually for the enlightenment of his Holy Spirit! And O my Saviour, bless me and make me worthy of her; prepare me to be to her a friend and guide. May we take sweet counsel together, and be blessed with all the graces of the Christian character, and be enabled to be ever a blessing to others! Teach me, O God, to serve thee better than I have done, to profess thy name before the world, and to influence for good all who may be around me. May thy Spirit ever protect and direct me, for I am without strength without thee, and the help purchased for sinners by the blood of the Lamb!

"On Thursday evening saw my M. again. With how many blessings have I been favored! May I continually render thanks with a grateful heart to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift! By looking ever to him, may I be preserved from making an idol even of her who is so precious a boon to me, and may that boon only render me more humble, and more than ever disposed to follow with love and obedience my Lord and Master."

The brief but beautiful life-history of the gentle being thus greatly beloved, would be a delightful study to those who love to delineate character. In all her relations to the family, to friends, to the Church and society, there was a graceful symmetry of outline, filled up by a finished beauty, in the little detail of daily duties, such as divine grace alone could accomplish. To those who knew her not, she may remain unknown; but her memory is fondly looked back upon by those who loved her in life, still gleaming in beauty in the dim pathway of years gone by. Had she expressed her own feelings, it was by those dear friends only she would have wished to be remembered.

The following tribute was addressed to her by him who ever felt his own incapacity to describe in his own language all that she was to him, and found in the words of another a transcript of his own thoughts and feelings:

"To MY OWN LOVE: I have transcribed for your perusal the following lines by J. R. Lowell, as they reminded me of some traits of your own character, although, regarding *you* as the prototype of the portrait there traced, I feel how faint is the delineation of the loveliness of the original. WILLIAM GEORGE."

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she who to my soul is dear.
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know.
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot,
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings,
To tread the humble paths of life.

Blessing she is, God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow.
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

On nature she doth muse and brood
With such a still and love-clear eye;
She is so gentle and so good,
The very flowers in the wood
Do bless her with their sympathy.

She is a woman! one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

And youth in her a home will find
Where she may dwell eternally.
Her soul is not of that weak kind
Which better love the life behind
Than that which is or is to be.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which by high towers and lowly mill
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full deep breast, serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

In these beautiful lines there was a truthful portraiture of the woman so deeply, so reverently, so spiritually loved by one well fitted to appreciate all that was excellent in the female character. Though gifted with attractive graces of person and mind and manner, yet it was the sunlight of piety, shedding its radiance over her natural endowments, that gave them a beauty not of earth, and inspired in his heart an undying affection that could not be buried in the grave, but followed her immortal spirit to that eternal home to which he ever looked upward in hope of a happy reunion.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE — HAPPY LIFE — BIRTH OF A CHILD — SAD AND SUDDEN BEREAVEMENT.

> "Domestic bliss,
> That can, the world eluding, be itself
> A world enjoyed; that wants no witness
> But its own sharers and approving heaven;
> That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
> Smiles, though 'tis only looking at the sky."

About six months after the last record in the journal, Mr. Baker and his well-beloved Margaret were united in marriage. Every one to whom both were known anticipated for them a happy union. But there were others who, valuing sectarianism above Christianity, were incapable of understanding or appreciating the piety that made them one in Christ. These expressed their regrets that they were not of the same denominational name, vainly supposing that this difference might be a disturbing influence in the current of domestic affection. But these two had not so learned Christ. Respecting each other's mutual right of preference

and choice, there was no effort made by either to induce a change of Church relation. They were disciples of the same Master, children of one heavenly Father, both redeemed by the same atoning blood, both guided by the same Holy Spirit, and to them this was enough.

Their new home was consecrated to God by the family altar, whose erection marked it as a Christian home. No cowardly fear of being thought singular ever deterred either from what they deemed a duty. They were satisfied to be what God intended his children should be in this world, "a peculiar people." The morning and evening sacrifices were offered in the old mode, now nearly obsolete among professing Christians. All the servants were called in, a chapter of the Bible was read, a hymn was sung, and a prayer suited to the circumstances and duties of the passing day concluded the service. Around that altar there was no mockery of Christian duty by hasty, hurried exercises, as though the time was too important for worldly business to be given up to God; but time, as every other precious boon, was there regarded as the gift of God, and deemed best employed in his worship. A calm solemnity when imploring the abiding presence of the Holy

Spirit in the household, and a thoughtful gratitude when returning thanks for mercies received, showed that the devotion of the heart drew them near to God while they honored him with their lips.

In their leisure moments, when the intermission of their respective duties of business or domestic cares allowed them to be together, they loved to speak of Christ to each other, and found their favorite recreation in reading together in some profitable work, or in singing some of the pleasant songs of Zion as she drew forth soft sweet music in accompaniment from the piano. They lived for each other's happiness. With her the "little kindnesses" were never left neglected, but

> "Fell from her noiseless as the snow,
> Nor did she ever chance to know
> That aught was easier than to bless."

These kindnesses were tenderly appreciated, and returned with the same thoughtful attention. It seemed as though there was nothing wanting to fill up the measure of their delight in each other. There was no dissonance to jar upon the sweet harmony that made their daily life so accordant. She was continually planning some little arrangement to contribute to his comfort and enjoyment. One of her

suggestions was to have a room fitted up for a law study, where he could prepare his business papers and attend to other preliminary occupations that he had before performed at his office. This was willingly acceded to, as the frequent interruptions he was subjected to had always been to him a disturbing influence when the subject before him required his whole attention. He had so long been accustomed to the indulgence of solitary study that it had become to him a necessary want. To her he had expressed no wish, but with the instinctive insight of woman's love she saw what he needed, and anticipated his wishes before they were spoken. He had his desk made according to his particular taste for order, so as to have a place for everything; he drew his own plan for his book-cases and book-shelves, so as to suit the dimensions of the volumes to be ranged on them, and then left the further furnishing of his little sanctum to her taste and skill. The chair, whose embroidered cushion was her own handywork, the carpet, the curtains, were all her own devices for his comfort. When these arrangements were completed he took possession of his pleasant law study, and spent as much of his time there as he could spare from his necessary office or out-door engagements. It made

her happy to see him there. When she knew that her presence would be no interruption, she would take her book or her sewing and sit silently beside him; but when, with woman's delicate perception, she thought that he would make more progress in his labors if she were not there, she quietly withdrew to another room, and would sit at the window, from which she could see into his study, and fondly look on him as he sat writing at his desk.

So perfect was their domestic enjoyment that it appeared as if nothing more could be added. But there was another prospective tie which was to bind them still more closely. In the midst of the sweet cares and cherished hopes, sometimes checked by sad forebodings, the allotted time passed onward to the fulfillment of anticipation. A year and four months they had lived together, in love becoming dearer and dearer to each other. Their happiness had lost all individuality, and had become one indivisible whole. But God saw fit to cleave it asunder. She was taken away to heaven and he was left on earth.

The lovely living picture of domestic happiness was suddenly enshrouded by the dark funereal pall, and the friends who had rejoiced over the scene for their sakes were startled by the unlooked-for dark-

ness, and stood painfully brooding over the mysterious dispensation. All that could be seen in this hour of gloom was a stricken, desolate husband, and a little motherless babe.

Under such a stroke, it is not strange that those who look on this world as their abiding place should be tempted to doubt the love, the goodness, and the wisdom of God, for at such times even the Christian's faith is sorely tried and often shaken. God only can enable him to say, "It is well," and to feel that this earth is not the Christian's home. It is to those who stay here longest but a brief sojourn in a strange land. Life was given for a higher purpose than earthly happiness, even when purest and most holy; and therefore we usually find that those who are chosen to fulfill the highest purposes are called to pass through great affliction to prepare them for their work. If it behoved Christ to suffer, surely then there is a need that the fallen humanity of his disciples should be perfected through suffering. Even the most devoted Christian cannot see into the mystery, but yet he can look forward in faith to his eternal home for a future solving of all that appears strange and dark in his journeying through this vale of tears.

Under the crushing agony of recent bereavement, while the wife so deeply beloved, and so lately full of life and answering love, lay cold, and pale, and still in death in their own room and on their own bed, even then the Christian husband was enabled to say as he met his sister, and threw his arms around her: "God is good! God is good! but she has gone!" The conflicting emotions struggling in that husband's soul, and rending his heart, could only be known to God and the sufferer; and his own simple, touching language is the best exponent of the exceeding sorrow that bowed him to the earth, and the imparted strength that lifted him to look upward in faith to that home of the blessed, where death cannot enter.

During the happiness of his married life his journal was left unwritten, and the first succeeding record was the saddest he had yet made:

"*Monday, November* 17, 1845. On Wednesday night, November 5, 1845, at twenty-five minutes before twelve o'clock, my own loved and now departed Margaret, after several hours of severe suffering, gave birth to a son. From three o'clock in the morning until the birth, she suffered at times pain; toward the latter part of the time her sufferings were intense; but she was full of joy when a child was born unto

her. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday she had but little pain, and had much happiness. She appeared to all to be doing exceedingly well. She would fondly look at her babe, and pressed it oft to her bosom. On Saturday, when no one else was in the room, the babe lying by her side, she asked me to move it, so that it might lie on her arm. She turned and gazed on it with a look so unutterably fond and loving that I cannot forget it. I kissed her and bade her good-night. She looked very well, and I looked forward to the next day with so much pleasure, thinking that I should be able to be with her the whole day, reading the Psalms to her in which she so much delighted, and talking of our mercies. But God determined otherwise. On Sunday morning at three o'clock a fever began, which never left her until Monday night between ten and eleven, when her spirit ascended to the God she loved so well. Throughout those two days what anguish I felt, what alternations of hope and fear, anxiously watching and inquiring after every symptom, waiting with feverish suspense for the result of every consultation of her attending physicians, and in it and through it all lifting up my heart to our God, from whom alone must come our help, that his blessing

would, if such was his gracious will, attend the instrumentalities employed. But according to his will, she died. I lost my own fond, loving, kind Margaret, she whom I thankfully received as a precious boon from God, who was ever to me all that a wife could be, so watchful and tender, so humble and devoted, so unwearying in her efforts to promote my happiness.

"We were married on the 20th of June, 1844. For upward of sixteen months we lived together with as much happiness as perhaps ever fell to the lot of mortals. We had no differences to reconcile, no varying dispositions to mold so as to promote each other's happiness, no discordant views to be harmonized; but we were so much alike in temper, dispositions, and views, that our life glided on more and more sweetly and placidly. *We were one.* We worshipped the same God, loved the same Jesus, invoked the blessing and guidance of the same Spirit, united together at the same family altar, read the same portions of Holy Writ, sung the same songs, and offered up the same prayers. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. We over and over offered up our thanksgivings to our God for his distinguished mercies to us,

and supplicated his assistance in our undertakings. But in his wisdom he saw fit to separate us. Blessed be his holy name! whatever he does is right. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He does not willingly afflict his children, but sends afflictions for their good. O may I be enabled to improve this dispensation of his Providence! May I be drawn nearer and nearer to him, may I walk closer with him, and be henceforth guided and directed by his will! walk ever in the way everlasting, be more useful than I have been, consecrate my time, my talents, my all to him and for his glory; and then this sad bereavement will be for my eternal good. This will be a light affliction, but for a moment, and will work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. O my Heavenly Father! grant that such may be the blessed result of this thy dispensation. May this solemn event draw all her surviving relatives nearer to thee! O may those of them who are now far from thee be taught to consider and to flee to Jesus, and find forgiveness through his blood shed for them. May her family and mine be united as friends of Jesus, and all look forward to the same everlasting inheritance, the same heavenly home! all anxiously strive so to live that by thy grace we may

all rejoice with her around thy throne, and sing together with her, and all thy redeemed, the song of redeeming love!

"My Margaret was not conscious, as far as I can learn, until near her end, that she was ill. She told her nurse on Monday night, she then being very weak, about an hour before her death, that 'Jesus had been with her and still was with her; that he was her Saviour.'

"I saw her at six o'clock; she looked then very pale, spoke with a low voice, looked at me without speaking: (I was kept out of the room that afternoon:) saw her again a few minutes before she breathed her last; she was then drawing long breaths, appeared unconscious of my presence.

"She was prepared to die; she loved her Saviour. Often, while preparing for her approaching confinement and for her baby, would she say, 'How little use is all this care;' that she 'ought to prepare for eternal things.' She frequently looked forward to being taken away. At first she was very desponding, dwelt on the probability of her death, but was content to place her trust in her heavenly Father; but about two months before her confinement she was more encouraged and more cheerful, but at times

would speak of the probability of her being removed. She had for more than six years sought her happiness in loving and serving her Saviour, and she is now rejoicing in his presence. She will suffer no more pain, no more care or sorrow, but will rejoice for evermore with the saints of the Lord. She has a father in heaven, a sister there, and brothers there. She is happy; we that are left are only to be grieved for. O may I be kept holy, blameless, and undefiled until my Father calls me home, and then may I, with my own sainted Margaret, sing the song of redeeming love forever!

"When, after the agony of her sufferings in labor, the child was about to be born, I promised my heavenly Father that if her life and the child's should be spared I would consecrate the child to his service. I told her of my promise. He has taken her, and may he enable me to train up the child in the way everlasting!

"She told me after the child was born that God had given her to me, and on Sunday morning, after the doctor had seen her, and she supposed that she was better, she said that God had given her to me a second time.

"On Wednesday morning, November 12, she was

buried in the family vault in the First Presbyterian graveyard.

"My child is well, is thriving. May it grow up to be a blessing to me and to all around! May it remember its Creator in the days of its youth, and in God's own good time join the band of glorified spirits around its Father's throne!

"My child left my house for my mother-in-law's on Monday afternoon, November 17."

What a sudden wreck of domestic happiness was here! The bark preciously freighted, sailing onward with properous winds and cloudless skies, struck upon a hidden rock, quivered for a few brief moments, and then sank beneath the waters. The home once bright, joyous, and full of love and peace, was now sad, silent, and desolate. She who made it the sweetest, happiest place on earth, was taken away by death. The little babe, the only gleam left in the darkened dwelling, had passed away to another household, and from his own wedded home all was gone! Then came the last painful breaking up; the tasteful adornments and pleasant conveniences that had been gathered together, with bright anticipations of many years' enjoyment, were all taken from their familiar places

and carried away; the door of the empty house was shut, and he went forth to take up his temporary abode, with his motherless child, in another dwelling.

The next record in his journal was written nearly two months after the death of his wife.

"*Friday night, December* 26, 1845. I will thank my heavenly Father for his goodness, that in the midst of deep, deep affliction he has sustained me, and visited me with some measure of the consolations of his Holy Spirit. He has blessed me often with tears of melancholy pleasure; he has permitted me to view in reflection my own Margaret as a sainted spirit, rejoicing in heaven with the glorified spirits who continually surround his throne, and fall down and worship the Lamb, and cast their crowns at his feet, and sing halleluiahs to Him who has loved them and redeemed them from the grave, and has filled them with fullness of joy, and has wiped away all tears from their eyes. Blessed be his holy name that I can rejoice with hope that she is now happy, happy where there shall be no more sorrow, no more tribulation, no more pain, and where her happiness will be enlarging, increasing, growing in intensity and fullness for evermore! This is my consolation, this is the solace of my grief. And I may meet her there! O may I be

drawn every day closer and closer to my heavenly Father; may I love Jesus more and more, put my entire trust in him from day to day, seek and strive to be more and more conformed to his will, have my affections wholly sanctified to him, follow him unreservedly in my days of pilgrimage here, that when my days shall be ended I may depart with joy and be at rest with him, and with my own Margaret sing his praises, admire his goodness and love to us and all saints forever and forever!

"My dear child, the child of so much sorrow, has been blessed with health; his nurse is well suited for him; he grows daily in strength and in appearance. He often smiles, and has essayed at times to give utterance to sounds, but does not greet his father's ears yet with a 'coo.' Yesterday and to-day I walked with him in my arms, with which he appeared well content. O that I may be enabled, by wisdom given to me from on high, to watch aright over his education, to train him up in the way he should go, to teach him to remember his Creator early! May I teach him to love his sainted mother, and to follow her as she followed Christ! May we be mutual comforts and blessings to each other!

"As to my own feelings from day to day, I cannot

help being oppressed with a feeling of constant want. While my dear wife was spared to me, in all my trials and vexations in all that caused me pain or sorrow, I would think of my dear *home*, of her who was the light of it, who gave it its happiness, and I would be at peace. But now the light of my eyes, the desire of my heart is departed; my all of earthly treasure is taken away, and I must mourn and sorrow. My happiness was too great for earth. I used to call her my blessing, and my heavenly Father has taken her to himself, perhaps because we loved earth and our earthly bliss too well. O may my desire henceforth be for heaven! As my treasure is there, may my heart be always there. But O, may I not let even my love of my departed saint interfere with but increase my love to Jesus, who died to save me, to redeem me from my sins, to reconcile me to God, to enable me to serve and praise him for evermore!

"Yesterday was Christmas day. In the morning I attended the services at Emory Chapel, when the church was consecrated to God. The sermon was preached by Bishop J., from the words, 'Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.' Psalm xciii, 5. The sermon was excellent; my eyes were filled with tears often. During the day my heart was

melted within me in thinking of my departed one. I dined with Dr. G.; after dinner A. played and sang the first verse of that beautiful hymn, 'I have sought round the verdant earth for unfading joy.' The last time I had heard it before my own wife had played it. The recollection overcame me, and I was in tears. It is sweet to weep, to linger over my past happiness, to dwell fondly on everything that reminds me so forcibly of my own departed blessing. I cannot engage in business or any occupation with my full powers, I love so much to dwell in my thoughts on my Margaret. O may I try to meet her, to love my Saviour more, to seek his love, that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory! I have no prospect of happiness on earth but in looking forward to heaven.

"I have just finished 'Payson's Memoirs,' a book most delightful to me. It has charmed many an hour."

Three months afterward he again takes up his journal to confide to its pages the brooding sorrows of his stricken heart, too deeply felt to be spoken to others.

"*Wednesday night, March* 25, 1846. It is now more than four months since my sainted Margaret

was taken from me, and O what sad and weary months have they been! I know that He who took her has gathered one of his jewels to himself; that he has done it in wisdom; that she is now happy, and, dwelling in unending bliss, will endure no more pain nor distress forever; but yet my rebellious heart will brood over my own loss, will so continually grieve for my lost happiness. Day after day, and every wearisome night, my great loss preys on my spirits. My energies are gone, I feel so little interest in anything around me. I can smile, I can engage in conversation on trifling matters, but my heart is not in it. I cannot attend to business but with extreme reluctance. I shrink from exertion of any kind. My dear babe is growing more and more dear to me. I am thankful for it; that my affections are growing stronger for him is a source of pleasure; but I cannot have that deep, absorbing love for him that I had for my own departed one; she was so entirely lovely, so full of tenderness; her love was surpassing that of woman; so watchful to discern my slightest wish in order to procure its gratification; so pure, so conformed to her Master's will; but I cannot paint her; her memory must be treasured in my heart. O may my heart be lifted up more and more to heaven!

may I seek and strive to live for the world to come! What has this earth for me? Once I was blessed as has fallen to the lot of few to be blessed; but now, though I have many blessings to be thankful for, yet in my repinings I regard them not, in the loss of her who was so incomparably my greatest earthly blessing. Forgive me, O my heavenly Father, and may thy love draw me nearer and nearer to thee! May I take increasing delight in thy holy word, in thy precepts, in thy precious promises! May I live for thee, may I learn of thee, and be enabled to train up my darling boy in thy fear! May I, in part, make up for him the loss of his mother! O may I watch over him, to shield him from influences of evil, and may he prove a blessing to me, even to me!"

"*Saturday, April* 25, 1846. At one o'clock this day my son, William Armstrong Baker, was baptized by Rev. J. C. B. in the house of my mother-in-law. I have taken upon me vows to train up my child in the way he should go; he has thus been consecrated to Christ. O may the great Head of the Church enable me to fulfil my duty to this precious immortal one whom he has intrusted to my charge! May I watch over him with Christian vigilance and love, set before him at all times, in my own actions and

daily conversation, the example of a follower of Jesus, teach him betimes the precepts of the Bible, and instill into his opening mind principles of virtue! May I be guided aright, sustained and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, so that my instructions may be profitable; and O may my child be one of those who shall realize the precious promise, that 'they that seek *me* early *shall* find me!' May we, while on earth, walk together in the paths of holiness, and when our pilgrimage here shall be ended, may we join the hosts of the blessed in heaven, and with my own sainted Margaret sing the praises of the Lamb, and rejoice before his throne for evermore.

"Mr. B. prayed before the baptism, and afterward addressed me and prayed. His kindness has not ceased to the living, as it did not to the dead."

This dear child, the parting gift left to its bereaved father, was a babe of rare loveliness. It had the beauty of health, yet there was a delicacy of form and feature, and so much of that ideal spirituality on which the imagination embodies infancy in heaven, that it seemed like an angel child. Every one who saw it, even the passing stranger, was attracted by its calm, sweet countenance; but those who had

known its sainted mother, and felt for its stricken father, regarded it ever with melancholy interest and peculiarly tender affection. To its father, though it was, as he called it, "a child of sorrow," yet it was also a child of consolation, a promise of happiness left on earth even for him.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO FRIENDSBURY — THE LIFE-WEARING EFFECTS OF CONTINUAL SORROW — DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

> What portion have I in the low dim earth,
> Where love is as a fount of tears . . .
> Where time wrecks something with its smoothest waves,
> And every year sets up memorial graves.—T. K. Hervey.

"'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt mere earthly natures bear;
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above."

The breaking down of health and energies, under which Mr. Baker had heretofore suffered from his professional toils, became still more painfully apparent under the crushing weight of sorrow. His friends, knowing the benefit he had always received from traveling, urged him to leave home, in the hope that the restoration of physical strength might better enable him to bear his absorbing grief. Though the supporting grace of God was graciously given him, yet his heart was stricken to its inmost depths; the

living tide of its warm affections was so suddenly checked that nature gave way, as though ready to sink utterly. When his prostration was merely physical, he knew that the remedial agencies of relaxation from his labors, a change of air and scene, would soon strengthen him; but now he had little faith in their restorative powers. He acceded to the wishes of his friends, and, leaving his child in the care of a faithful nurse, and under the watchful supervision of its devoted relatives, he started on his melancholy tour.

During his absence the preparations for his contemplated removal to Friendsbury were completed, and on his return from his summer travel he again became an inmate of the home of his childhood. His own cherished wedded home was broken up; she who had filled it with happiness was gone. For her sake he had retained some of its precious memorials, and it gave him a melancholy pleasure to transfer these to his own room, that he might keep the sense of her presence ever before him. The little pictures she had valued were hung upon the walls; the toilet glass that had mirrored her living form had its place; the couch on which he had seen her a happy mother, looking in fondness on her child, and

in a few days afterward lying pale and silent in death, was sacredly treasured as his own. The little sewing basket, containing her piece of unfinished work, the last she had touched, and the thimble she had used for the last time, was kept just as she had left it, and deposited with other little memorials in a place where no eye but his own could gaze on them.

He had a portrait of his wife taken after death, representing her as she lay pillowed on her bed. The recumbent form, the rich brown hair braided over the smooth white forehead, the closed eyelids, whose fringed lashes rested on her cheek, and the sweet, calm countenance, formed a beautiful picture of a living sleep, so lovely, so lifelike, that it seemed as though one expected to hear her quiet breathing, and see the gentle rise and fall of the white drapery that covered her. This portrait was placed opposite to his bed, that the last look at night and the first glance on awaking might rest on this faithful semblance of his departed wife. A muslin curtain was hung over it during the day. To this sanctuary he resorted as soon as he came home. Here he spent hour after hour, and seldom could be induced to remain with the family except at short intervals. His child was still in town with its

mother's relatives, and in his daily visits he felt cheered by its winning ways, yet saddened by the thought of what would have been its mother's enjoyment had she only lived to see it as he saw it, so full of infantile beauty and expanding attractions.

The first entry in his journal after he had taken up his residence at Friendsbury is dated October 20, 1846:

"After a lapse of months, I have again opened my journal to make further notes of my wearisome progress through life. I have been for some weeks gradually declining in health. For some days my spirits have been much depressed; I have more than usual engaged in thinking of my great loss. Time has taken off, perhaps, the acuteness of the blow, but it has left the constant ever-present feeling of unhappiness. I feel a constant want. I do not seek to think of what my happiness was, but the contrast between my situation now and what it was when I was cheered, sustained, and made happy by the presence of my own lost one, is forced on my meditations. She was peerless to me, so far beyond all others that I often wonder how *I* could have possessed one so excellent. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb enable me to be resigned

to his will! and may I so live from day to day, spending my time and my humble talents in his service, that when my change comes I may be exalted to the abodes of the saints, and learn then with joy and with gratitude how wise and how loving have been his counsels and his works, even where now they seem so dark!

"My darling Willie is improved in everything. He can call me 'papa.' Many words he begins to utter; he is so full of life, so charming in his ways, that I feel always cheered when he is near me; but how often when I have looked on his sweet face have I thought what was the consequence of his birth. I love him, most fondly do I love him, dear orphaned boy! but O! how much more I loved his mother. How often do I think on the fondness with which she would have watched over him, how much delight his infantile charms would have afforded her. He is praised by all now; how would his sainted mother have cherished him. May I watch over his infancy, may I offer him up in prayer, and seek that heavenly blessings may rest on him! May I endeavor in some measure to make up for the loss to him of one who would have trained him up so faithfully in the paths of piety!

"I am now in my father's house. On the last of August, on my return from Bedford Springs, I took up my abode here. My mother watches over me with tender solicitude, seeks in all ways to make me happy; my sisters, my father, all are so kind to me. May I endeavor to repay their kindness! But I cannot be cheerful; my heart is sinking within me; I cannot take pleasure in the society of any one. I shrink from association; my daily duties of business I go through without interest. May my thoughts be turned continually heavenward! may I look there for happiness, and realize that I am but a pilgrim here, hastening toward that glorious, all happy home! My own wife is there. May that tie link me more and more steadfastly to the meditation on my home eternal!

"*Sunday night, November* 8, 1846. Last Thursday was the first anniversary of my dear child's birthday. God in mercy has spared his life for one year. He has left him to me as a comfort and consolation. May I have wisdom and grace given me rightly to train him up in the way he should go! This morning I heard our city missionary preach. His text was from Psalm lxviii, 19: "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of

our salvation." His sermon was divided into three heads: 1st. The character of God. 'He is the God of our salvation.' 2d. What are his dealings? 'He daily loadeth us with benefits.' 3d. What return we should make to him. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' It was a plain and forcible discourse, pointing out to us the many mercies we daily receive, and how much gratitude we owe to the Author of our being.

"I also this day partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. O may I keep the covenant into which I have again entered! May thy Spirit, O Lord, ever guide me, enlighten my understanding, and show me the way of life, and direct my steps, that I may not depart therefrom!

"There has been rain all this day, so that I have not been at church to-night. I have been reading Dr. Bethune's Sermons, and also in Henry's Exposition, which I have been reading in daily for more than a year and a half. I am now in the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs.

"*Tuesday night, November* 10, 1846. This night one year ago my dear wife breathed her last. What a year have I since passed! Her presence was indeed my earthly joy, and since she was taken away

I have realized that the days have come when there is no pleasure in them, when the grasshopper becomes a burden. I have been depressed in mind and feeble in body. Everything I engage in seems a burden; my energy is paralyzed; sickness of heart has come upon me. O may I be resigned to thy will, my Heavenly Father! to every dispensation of thy Providence! May I bow meekly under thy chastening hand, knowing that thou dost not afflict willingly, but that thy chastening is that of a father for his children's good! May I rejoice in thee, and trusting on and resting in Jesus, may I walk in the light of thy countenance, overcoming the world, its temptations and allurements, and living close by the side of my Redeemer! Make my dear child a blessing to me. He is a blessing now. His infant attempts to prattle, his winning ways evermore charm me. May I be preserved from over-fondness, and be instructed how rightly to train him, that he may grow in knowledge and in holiness as he grows in years! May thy grace be sufficient for him and me, that I may rightly teach and he rightly learn!

"*November* 25, 1846. To-night we have a storm of wind with snow. While there is a tempest without, how thankful I ought to be that I have a shelter from

the pitiless blast, have food and raiment, while so many are exposed to the winter's cold and to the pains of destitution. May I be grateful to the Giver of all good for the blessings I have! My sainted wife has been taken from me, but my darling child is blessed with health. He has been spared to me, and is now daily developing some new winning way; is able to utter in his own sweet mode some new imitation of a word. He is becoming more and more interesting to me, he smiles so sweetly on me at times. I wish I could trace an increasing resemblance to his dear mother. I think he shows her sweet and lovely disposition. May his character prove to be as lovely as was hers! May he in the days of his early youth become a lover of that Jesus whom she so much loved, and grow up increasing alike in knowledge and in holiness!"

This dear child became a refreshing spring in his weary pilgrimage. He loved to be near it, to watch its sportiveness, to listen to its sweet lispings, and he was soothed by the thought that its father's sorrow could throw no shadow over its joyous life. Its progressive development became the theme of his journal. This is a subject on which parental love delights to dwell

even when children are common, familiar blessings. He had but one, the sole living relic of his departed wife, the last living memorial of his wedded home. How devotedly he loved his darling Willie is touchingly shown in his own language, so simple, so natural, so full of the heart's unstudied eloquence:

"*Monday, Februàry* 15, 1847. Yesterday my dear Willie commenced to walk. He had occasionally, for about three weeks past, tottered two or three steps and stood alone, but with fear; but yesterday he began to walk, unexpectedly to all, and seemed to have lost all fear of falling. He walked across the room, diagonally, upward of twenty feet, and was kept walking very often during the afternoon. His first success was in the afternoon, and when after Sabbath school I went in town to see him and heard of his progress, I was delighted; still more when I myself witnessed how well he moved to his papa. To-day he continues to improve. His walk is not altogether firm, but it is surprising that he does so well. He was yesterday fifteen months and nine days old. May he continue to improve in health and in goodness, and may I watch over him and endeavor, in some degree at least, to supply the place of his now sainted mother! O what a loss is mine in losing

her! With her has passed away my earthly happiness. May I be prepared each day so to live, that when I am called hence it may be with the welcome invitation, 'Come up hither,' and may I then rejoin her with the saints in light, never again to be separated!

"*Saturday, March* 27, 1847. On Monday, March 7, my boy commenced weaning, being then sixteen months and two days old. Since then he has been cutting four jaw teeth, which have caused him much irritation, and he has been suffering from his bowels, but withal he is improving. He is very active, and requires sedulous attention. The day before yesterday, while I was pulling his little wagon, his face being turned up toward mine, I traced in his eyebrows and eyes a strong resemblance to my dearest wife; the same peculiar contraction of brow that I had so often noticed in her. I hope that as my dear boy grows he may more and more resemble my dear departed one, not only in feature but in loveliness of disposition; that he may, by the blessing of the Lord, grow up in holiness, be established in grace, and show forth continually the praise of his Redeemer.

"I have been suffering much from continual headache and depression of spirits for the past two weeks.

On Monday last commenced taking a shower-bath every morning.

"To-day my new cherry bookcase was brought home. I have room enough for my books now, but when shall I find time to read them. The night is cold and blustering.

"*Saturday night, April* 3, 1847. This day my time of widowhood has equaled that of my married life, and what a contrast! When my Margaret first became mine, she was indeed a blessing, and a blessing she continued to be. I felt myself unworthy of so great and precious a gift, and how often, in the midst of my happiness, did I fear lest I should be ungrateful to Him who gave her to me, should idolize the gift and neglect the Giver, and that she might be taken away from me.

"In looking on those whom I knew, how few who have been married were as happy as we; I can think of none; we were so suited; no happiness on earth did we seek but in each other; how light was my step, that led me to home; how joyous my heart whenever cares of business were weighing on me, when I was to meet my own loved one. When in my study, engaged in writing, she was either at my side or at her window, where she was overlooking

me; when I raised my eyes hers were looking on me so full of love. At our table, at our morning prayers, in the house of God, where together we worshiped, how happy was I! and O how constant, how unvarying were her efforts to promote my happiness! I always appreciated highly, very highly, the female character; but she far, far surpassed all others that I ever knew. I never knew the excellence of woman until I knew the exceeding loveliness of her character; but she is gone, and how lone and desolate has been my life since. Friends have been kind, my darling boy is full of winning ways, but my heart has been desolate. Day after day I feel that I have no happiness. I was so entirely filled, engrossed with my love to her, that it seems now that I am indifferent to all things else. May He who died for me henceforth engross my affections! and may I walk in the light of his countenance continually, living to him and showing forth his praise; and may I be gifted with heavenly wisdom to train up my dear child in wisdom's ways! How would my dear Margaret have fondly watched over him; so sweet are his ways, so lovely his face, that even strangers fondle him. What would have been the fondness of my own sainted wife for him! She had for three short days,

and those days not of ease, watched over him; the fever came, and then she was called away from earth, she left her child and his father. May I through grace so live, and be enabled so to train up my child, that we may meet my Margaret again, and with her cast our crowns at the feet of the Lamb, and join in the songs of everlasting praise to him!

"My Willie has been in the country with me since Monday last; he is thriving very fast, is growing fatter and more cheerful.

"*Saturday night, April* 10, 1847. This night seventeen months have elapsed since my dear wife was removed from earth to heaven. She was taken to enjoy perpetual bliss. I was left to sorrow. I cannot help brooding over my own unhappiness. When with others, I can appear careless, and undisturbed by thoughts of gloom; but when alone my thoughts revert to my former happiness, and happiness now past makes my present desolation the more painful. How few are those whom I know whose married life but shows how much happier was ours; there are none, as far as I can perceive, who have so much enjoyment as was given to us. Others are spared, but we were separated. But it was in wisdom. Perhaps we should have been too much attached to

earthly happiness, become forgetful of that happiness in heaven which should ever be our highest, our constant aim. May I ever seek that happiness, especially now, when one I loved so dearly is in that blissful abode where no corroding cares ever disturb the constant stream of bliss! where all is joy, peace, eternal ever-during, increasing in intensity as our capacities for enjoyment are enlarging.

"My dear Willie I brought this afternoon to Friendsbury. For two days past he has been suffering from his teeth; he is fretful, but is becoming more and more interesting. He seems to grow fonder and more fond of his dear 'papa;' he calls himself 'papa's ba-by.' I desire that I may wisely watch over him. I see evidences of temper; may I know how to restrain its ebullitions, and train him up carefully; to that end may I constantly seek wisdom from above."

After the above date several months passed away without leaving any record upon his journal. He had previously had his Willie with him at Friendsbury for a few days at a time, and as soon as the spring was far enough advanced, he had him brought to the country as a permanent residence. It cheered his saddened loneliness to have the pleasant compan-

ionship of his engaging child. Instead of spending his leisure hours in the seclusion of his own room, he would draw him in his little wagon over the lawn, or lead him by the hand, pointing out to him the blue sky, the waving trees, and the bright flowers, and teaching him to call them by their names. But the presence of his infant boy brought pain as well as pleasure, for its frequent indisposition through the early summer awakened the deepest anxiety of the devoted father, filling him with the fear lest he should lose this last precious link of his wedded love. His own health too was broken, but he would not consent to leave home until his child had passed through the trying period of teething, and had become entirely well. He then made preparations for traveling, but a few days previous to the time of starting his child became again unwell. The indisposition was thought to be slight, but he would not go until the physician assured him that there was no cause for anxiety. He then left Friendsbury on the 16th of July for Bedford Springs. When he had been there about two weeks, he received a letter informing him that his child was extremely ill. He hastened home, and after passing through the conflicting alternations of hope and fear for many days, he thus pours

out the emotions of his heart, in his own touching words:

"*Thursday afternoon, August* 30, 1847. My dear Willie is very ill. He had early in summer suffered from cutting his teeth; but in July he had ceased teething, and had gained all his strength. On Friday, July 9, I took him to town to see his grandmother. In the evening it rained; he stayed that night, and returned Saturday afternoon to Friendsbury. On Sunday morning he was unwell, and continued so until Wednesday morning, when he became better, and continued better on Thursday. On Friday O. and I left for Bedford Springs, which, from learning that Willie had a relapse, we left on Friday August 4, and arrived at home on the 7th. I found Willie much better than my fears anticipated. How thankful I felt to the Lord, who had preserved him so far. Willie knew me, called me his 'papa,' and seemed to be improving.

"Since then he has been sometimes better and sometimes worse. On the Wednesday and Thursday after my return his disorder increased, and I then began to fear that my darling would be removed. On Friday he was better; on Saturday worse. Sunday he improved; on Monday a change for the worse, and early on Tuesday morning, when I kissed

him, I thought his stay on earth would be but short; but from that time to Friday he became better, and the doctor gave me encouragement to believe that his convalescence had commenced; but on Friday night he was very restless and slept none. On Saturday and Sunday (August 21, 22) he continued in the same way, and his brain seemed to be affected. Since then his symptoms are all favorable, except his delicacy of stomach; he cannot retain milk, but is fed on almond emulsion and bene water. He is so emaciated! his poor little face is so thin; his flesh is almost worn away; he looks at me without saying a word, with his eyes so full, gazing on me, it is almost more than I can bear. I have committed him to the Lord. I have sought consolation from the Father of mercies. I know that he, and he only, can save and restore my child; that Jesus, who while on earth healed all who were sick and diseased who applied to him for help, is now no less able on his throne of glory to raise up again my child, my only child; and that if his wisdom, which is infinite and unerring, sees it to be good, *he will do it.* O my soul, put thy trust in the Lord; be silent and wait upon him! O that I may possess a submissive, an acquiescent spirit! But O Thou who hast all power

in heaven and earth, if it be according to thy will spare my child, my only one, and give me wisdom and grace to train him up for thee! Thrice have I offered him to thee. O enable me so to watch over him, and teach him, that I may bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! O may he live to glorify thee, may his youthful heart be touched by thy love, and may he early have a new heart and a right spirit given to him! As he grows in years may he grow in grace! May he proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus to sinners, and rejoice in witnessing the success of his labors!

"*Saturday morning, September* 4, 1847. It is all over. The Lord has taken my little one to himself. He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' has called my darling Willie and taken him to heaven; he is now with Jesus, never more to be separated from him; he is free from sin, from sorrow, from pain, from any of the ills that those most favored must, while on earth, be subjected to. He is an angel of God now and henceforth, even for evermore; in the presence of the Lamb he will have an eternal existence of bliss uninterrupted, of joy without any alloy. He is removed from me, to be

reunited forever with his sainted mother. She who so fondly loved him the few days she was permitted to see him on earth, has received him to part no more forever. If the spirits of the just made perfect are permitted to look down on earth to those they loved here, if they are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, did not her spirit fondly watch over and minister to her dear suffering child, and did she not rejoice with joy unutterable when her darling boy was freed forever from the fear of guilt, from the pang of sorrow, and removed to be with her in the presence of God, where there is fullness of joy, to sit at his right hand, where there are pleasures evermore? I grieve not for him; it is only for myself I grieve. I fondly hoped, by the assistance of the Spirit, to train my child for heaven. I wished to talk to him about his dear mother; to show him, how feebly soever I could do it, her excellence, her loveliness, her holy walk and conversation, to persuade him to follow after her example as she followed Jesus. But the Lord has seen fit to take him to himself. Blessed, O blessed be his name! for I will still be praising him, for he is infinitely wise and infinitely good; he knows the end from the beginning; he knows what is best. I will

resign myself to his will, and I will pray that this deep affliction may be sanctified to me, that I may be hereby purified, that all my dross may be consumed, and that I may come forth from this furnace as silver seven times refined. O Lord, my God and my father, for thy Son's sake bless me, even me! O my father, sustain and comfort me by thy Spirit, even the Comforter! And O may I henceforward live to thee! body, soul, and spirit may I be consecrated to thee. Never leave nor forsake me; but O lift Thou up the light of thy countenance continually upon me. Work in me *to will* and *to do* of thy good pleasure. Control my every thought and my every emotion. Sanctify me wholly to thyself. Thou knowest the temptations that are in the world, the difficulties, trials, and distresses of life. Lord, I submit myself to thee. Guide, keep, and deliver me, that I may walk ever in thy ways, that I may glorify thee while I live. Thou hast taken away my dear wife, thou hast taken away my dear child; thou hast loosened the two strongest ties that bound me to earth; thou hast removed them to heaven. May my heart and my affections be centered there! May I ever live looking to heaven as my home! In my weakness, O be thou my strength! in every temptation make a way

for escape, and enable me to triumph, through thy Spirit strengthening me, over every obstacle in my way to life eternal. Be thou my portion, my all-satisfying portion! Be dearer to me than wife and child! Bless me through life, and bring me at last, in thy own good time, to meet thee in heaven, there to join with my own dear Margaret, and my own darling Willie, and all thy saints, in praising thee, and casting down at the feet of the Lamb the crowns of glory that Jesus has procured for those who follow him.

"Hannah said that shortly after we had left the room, no one being there but herself, Willie was lying in her lap looking upward, and said in a clear voice and so sweetly, "Mamma!" Immediately as he said this the convulsion came, and he spoke no more. *She thought he saw his mother.* May it not be so? Was not his mother's spirit watching over her babe, and waiting to convoy his spirit home to his God? He has gone to his mother and to his God; may I be prepared to follow whensoever it shall please the Father of spirits to call me hence!

"Willie was buried on Friday morning in the graveyard of the First Presbyterian Church, in the family vault, *with his mother.* Mr. B., at the house, read some suitable portions of Holy Writ, and made

some very appropriate and beautiful remarks. He alluded to my babe's birth in sorrow; that he had been offered up to God in baptism; that I had then taken on me vows to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that the covenant engagement into which I had entered was fulfilled; the Lord had taken him before sin could stain him; that he was now safe forever. Mr. L. then prayed, and at the grave Mr. H. made a short but most affectionate address. He alluded to his mother, to her love for her child, to the blissful reunion in heaven, to the unutterable joy of that meeting. He loved my dear Margaret well; she was a sympathizing friend to him in his troubles. On the last anniversary of the Humane Impartial Society he made a very touching allusion to the character and untiring devotion of my now sainted wife in the cause of that society. Mr. B. then gave the benediction, and we left my Willie's body to rest until the morn of the resurrection, when the souls of those who died in Jesus shall be reunited to their bodies purified and made fit for their celestial habitation forever.

"*Tuesday morning, September* 7, 1847. Here I am in my own room, where my little Willie died. O may this affliction be sanctified to my soul! I have

been reading "The Uses of Adversity," by Herman Hooker, sent to me last Saturday by a kind friend. Its perusal has been a source of comfort to me; it has aided my desires to look ever to the Lord for consolation; to regard him not only as the Moral Governor of the universe, but as in his providence directing in infinite wisdom all, even the minutest events that concern us, and so ordering them that they all work together for our good; that if we would carefully observe we would, in many instances, see that often the failure of our expectations, the disappointment of our hopes, have been really great blessings to us. Where, then, events seem dark and mysterious, let us still trust to Him who sees unerringly, and acts toward us in love; who seeks in all things our eternal happiness.

"O may I seek to acquiesce in his will! to walk with him. Lord, keep me, O keep me and preserve me from the evil! This life is full of snares; temptations surround us; O be thou my strength, my wisdom, my righteousness; in every time of trouble be thou my present help; keep me as the apple of thine eye, and then I shall be safe. Out of thee I am lost, but thou, O Lord, art all-powerful to save, to deliver, to give to those that sorrow fullness of joy.

Bind me with the cords of love, and keep me ever near thy side. O let me not stray from thee, but thy Spirit abide in me!

"On Thursday night last, at family worship, Mrs. —— prayed with us fervently; and on Friday morning Miss M. H., when the family were gathered together, and before the others came, offered up a prayer in the room where my Willie's body was then laid. She was with us last night and is still here. She is a meek and holy woman, well fitted to administer consolation to a wounded, suffering spirit.

"On Sunday morning attended class; was composed; derived consolation from dwelling on the happiness of my now angel boy. The view of the bliss of my dear wife in receiving her darling free from sin, has always been soothing to me. I have thought that perhaps, in answer to the prayers of my sainted wife, my boy has been withdrawn from earth before he could suffer sin.

"At church Mr. —— preached from Hebrews ii, 14, 15. He described the happy deaths of Fletcher and Payson, showing that Christians can be delivered from the fear of death. After service partook of the Lord's Supper, covenanted anew to live to my heavenly Father. Lord, enable me to keep that covenant;

in thy strength make me to persevere unto the end. At night at half past six was a prayer-meeting. Our pastor requested any who felt that that had been a pleasant and profitable day to declare it. After others had spoken, I declared how good the Lord had been ever to me in my affliction; that I had tasted of his loving-kindness in my sorrow. At eight o'clock preaching commenced. Mr. S. preached a plain but powerful discourse from Romans x, 13. After the sermon Hannah went up to the mourners' bench; several of the members prayed with her. Sister O. and Miss C. went up to her. I followed and offered up a silent prayer for her. She was much distressed. She had once been a professor of religion but had fallen; this I knew not before. May the Lord enlighten her, and of his abundant mercy wash away all her guilt in that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness! Yesterday she went to town and has not yet returned. She wishes to learn to read; while here O. will teach her, and A. when she goes to live in town.

I went to town yesterday morning and stayed about two hours. Last night went to prayer-meeting. The services were characterized by solemnity and subdued feeling. There were no mourners, but a sweet peace seemed to rest on the assembly. Miss M. H. prayed,

and exhorted all not to be discouraged; to seek for holiness of heart.

"My dear Willie! Here near me is the footstool that belonged to his dear mother, on which she embroidered a cat, that in his broken but sweet language he called 'pussy tat.' He used to like to be put on my desk, 'Papa's 'esk,' and to play 'hidee-koop' around it. How I remember him pulling out and pushing back the supporters of my old desk, delighting in it and calling me to see him. Everything around me has some association with him."

Thus closes his journal. No later record is found on its pages. It would seem as though after this he laid it aside among the sacred memorials of his departed happiness. It may be that he feared to think upon the sweet resting-place where his heart's treasures had been garnered, lest he should faint by the way in his weary pilgrimage; that he could not trust himself to look back on its shattered ruins, lest he should be so unnerved by overmuch sorrow as to be unfitted for the work God had given him to do. His mission on earth henceforward was to live not for himself, but for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-man.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOTAL WRECK OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS — STRUGGLE FOR LIFE TO LABOR FOR GOD — VICTORY NOT TO BE WON IN SOLITUDE — WINTER SOJOURN IN THE SOUTH.

"I have done at length with dreaming; henceforth, O thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet, waging warfare most divine.
Life is struggle, combat, victory! wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshaled, with my weapons all undrawn?
O how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept
Had I done instead of rested, had I warred instead of wept!
Yet, my soul, look not behind thee! Thou hast work to do at last.
Let the brave toil of the present overarch the crumbled past.
Build thy great acts high and higher, build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding and thy prayers arose to God."

No one save those who have loved and lost a wife so lovely and so devoted, and a child so endearing and attractive, can measure the depth of suffering caused by this double bereavement. Nor could it even then be sounded except by a nature kindred to his; not surely by those whose hearts are ever ready to bud and blossom anew after the blighting of their first flowers, for his love, like the aloe, could bloom

on earth but once. There was a depth, a spirituality in his affection that followed its loved ones even unto heaven, giving consolation in the midst of suffering by glimpses of future enjoyment in another and a better state of being.

The "dear Willie" whose infantile charms he so touchingly describes in his journal was a child well fitted to rouse his father from his protracted sorrow. He was beautiful to look upon, singularly engaging in his ways, and gave early tokens of mental precocity, so attractive to parental pride. It was the father's greatest pleasure to endeavor to imprint on its opening mind some idea of the mother it had lost ere it knew her. He would take his boy in his arms, stand before the portrait of his beloved wife, and talk to him of his "dear mamma," teaching him to call the picture by that endearing name over and over again, so that the word might be always associated in his memory with her image. This may in some measure account for the incident given in the journal, as related by the nurse. But what do we know of the mysteries of the spirit, even of childhood? Things stranger than this have been witnessed at the death-bed. And the following strikingly similar case has since been met with in a religious paper:

"A little girl," says the writer, "in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if it was, by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's care of her, and winding a wasted arm about her neck, would say, 'Now tell me about mamma;' and when the oft-told tale had been repeated, would softly ask, 'Take me into the parlor; I want to see mamma.'

"The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

> 'Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
> Bearing all her pain so meekly
> That to them she still grew dearer
> As the trial hour drew nearer.'

"The hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little one die. The dew of death was already in the flower as its life was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically.

"'Do you know me darling?' sobbed close to her ear the voice that was dearest, but it awoke no answer.

"All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan cuddling hands flew up in the last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above; 'Mamma!' she cried with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom. If I had never believed in the ministration *of departed ones* before, I could not doubt it *now*.

"'Peace I leave with you,' said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven. Let us be at peace amid the spirit mysteries and questionings on which our eyes shall soon open in the light of eternity."

Like this child, little Willie had only known his mother from her pictured resemblance; like her, he had often looked on it with the eager glance of inquiring infancy, and he too had learned to call this his "dear mamma." The Bible tells us of the ministering spirits who minister to the heirs of salvation; then surely we should not turn with incredulity from attested incidents such as these. There is a consola-

tion so sweet in the thought that departing spirits, in the painful struggle of the body's mortal agony, should be permitted to see through their mental vision the bright celestial messengers waiting to bear them to heaven, that the heart will cling to it in faith, even though the sceptical reason should coldly doubt its truth. This little incident attending the last hours of little Willie, shed a soothing balm upon the sorrowing hearts of those that loved him. And how abundant the consolation to his bereaved father, who says: "He thought he saw his mother. May it not be so? Was not his mother's spirit watching over her babe, waiting to convoy his spirit home to God?"

Another touching incident in the short life of this dear child is still remembered. It is not recorded by his father, for it may not have been told him, for fear of adding to his distress. During his last sickness he was taken out to ride every day, lying on a pillow. The last morning that he was thus borne in the arms of his nurse to the carriage he looked up, and seeing the branches of the trees waving to and fro in the breeze, he lisped out in faint, sweet tones, "Trees, 'Illy! by-by!" and lifting his little wasted hand from the pillow waved to them an answering "by-

by." We knew not then it was his last "Good-by," his farewell glance upon the overarching trees, beneath whose flickering shadows he had often played in the fullness and beauty of health. Though so pale, so weak, so emaciated, yet we had hopes of his recovery. But God saw best to take him to a brighter, more beautiful home, where "trees immortal grow."

The stricken father found much consolation in following his dear child to that goodly land, upon the wings of thought, where his mother's welcome awaited him. While the sweet vision lasted, he felt soothed and strengthened; but when he looked into his own deep sorrow, he became sick—sick at heart, faint, weary, and discouraged at the lonely waste of his own life, that lay in prospect before him. Though thus borne down by his burden of grief, yet God strengthened his spirit, by drawing aside the dark cloud of his mysterious providence, revealing to him glimpses of great truths, hidden from the many: that "the highest object of existence on earth is not the enjoyment of happiness, but the fulfillment of duty;" that "life ceases to be desolate when we find that we still have power to give pleasure, to do good, to be ourselves a blessing though we be not blessed."

In the midst of his deep affliction, when his beloved wife was taken away, he could say: "God in his wisdom saw fit to separate us. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. O may I be enabled to improve this dispensation of his providence! May I be drawn nearer and nearer to him! May I walk closer with him and be henceforth guided and directed by his will; be more useful than I have been; consecrate my time, my talents, my all to him and for his glory, and then this bereavement will be for my eternal good."

When his dear little Willie's coffined body was laid beside that of his mother's in the cold, dark vault, and the door was shut upon the two inanimate forms on which, when living, his all of earthly happiness had been placed, even then, when he returned to his desolate home, he could say: "Here I am in my own room where my little Willie died. O may this affliction be sanctified to my soul! When events seem dark and mysterious let me still trust to Him who sees unerringly, who acts toward us in love, who seeks in all things our eternal happiness. O may I seek to acquiesce in his will, to walk with him! O Lord, be thou my strength, my wisdom, my righteousness! In every time of trouble be thou my present

help. Out of thee I am lost; but thou, O Lord! art all-powerful to save, to deliver, to give to those that sorrow fullness of joy."

His friends, fearing the effect of this total wreck of his earthly treasures, and witnessing its sad inroads upon his physical strength, repeatedly urged him to travel. Finding by experience that victory over his soul-subdued sorrow was "not to be won in solitude," he too thought it better to tear himself away from the memorials that kept up a painful, unceasing consciousness of his sad bereavements, and to seek in other scenes for that strength of body, mind, and spirit that he so much needed.

Consenting to the persuasion of his relatives, he went to New York, where he remained about two weeks. Upon his return, finding that he was not sufficiently restored to gain the mastery amid so many temptations to give way to grief, he yielded still further to the wishes of those who loved him, by agreeing to pass the ensuing winter in the South.

From a small memorandum book that he carried with him, we can only gather hasty notices of his journeyings by land and water, statements of stereographic brevity respecting the incidents met with and his daily occupation; but not even the least allu-

sion to his own feelings under the painful struggle between his convictions of duty to God, and the might of that sorrow that was compelling him to bury his talent in the earth, and withdraw from his fellow-man to indulge in solitude the "luxury of grief." God enabled him to become "ennobled and purified" by the conflict, and secured to him "the peace of a heart that has won the victory over itself." But He who sat as the great refiner, watching the process, alone knows the history of the struggle left unrecorded and unrevealed.

A summary of these jottings down with pen or pencil in the little memorandum book will show the events of his outward life during his absence from home. Leaving Baltimore on Thursday, 21st of October, in company with his wife's brother-in-law and family, he journeyed by steamboat and railway to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he went on board a steamer bound to Charleston.

He arrived at this place on the ensuing Sabbath about half past nine. After their lodgings at the hotel were taken, he went out in quest of a place of worship. On that day he heard three sermons, the first from a Presbyterian, the two others from Methodist ministers. The texts are all noted down

with short comments, such as "excellent sermon," "eloquent," "practical," "fervid."

The next morning he left Charleston and proceeded southward, alternately by land and water conveyance, penciling brief remarks on the objects that attracted his attention: "the glorious sunset;" "the delightful atmosphere;" "the marshes covered with long grass;" "the flocks of cranes, curlews, ducks, and beautiful white herons." At Savannah, where he arrived on the 26th, he writes of a walk through the place, describes it as a beautiful old-looking town, full of small squares, and mentions the monuments of Pulaski and Greene. From Savannah the party started in two conveyances, a carriage and carryall, the one being driven by his brother-in-law, the other by himself, accompanied by one of his nephews. From this place to their point of destination, a plantation near Tallahassee, there remained a distance nearly of three hundred miles. During this long drive many inconveniences and discomforts were encountered, common to all who journey over country districts remote from the regular line of travel, and at the end of eight days he reached the place of his intended winter sojourn.

Here he had come with health undermined by his deep affliction, yet with a spirit meekly submissive to the will of God. Far away from the burial-place and the surrounding memorials of his departed wife and child, he could more successfully resist the temptation to an entire abandonment to sorrow.

On leaving home he took with him his Bible for his own reading, and packages of tracts for distribution. He denied himself the luxury of books, fearing lest they should engross too much of the time he had set apart for the restoration of his health. Whenever exercise in the open air was practicable he availed himself of it, taking long rides or walks through the surrounding country, noting its general appearance, its vegetable productions, and its beautiful varieties of birds and water-fowl. The opportunities afforded for gunning and fishing in the swamps, lakes, and ponds in the vicinity excited something of his youthful ardor in these pursuits. When he became so fully occupied in the study and practice of his profession, he had laid aside his gun, and seldom used it except when away from home in the intervals of rest and recreation; but now, having abundant leisure and opportunity, he again resorted

to the favorite amusement of his school-boy days, and in the little memorandum book we find the result of each day's success in trout fishing and duck shooting, with the record of the number of squirrels and rabbits brought home as trophies of sportsmanship. In one of his excursions he enjoyed the novelty of camping out at night near Lake Jackson for the purpose of duck shooting, in company with some gentlemen of the neighborhood. The party encamped in an extensive cornfield near the lake shore, under a large and densely branched live oak, and when their fire was first kindled it caught to the long dry grass around and spread rapidly over an "area of two hundred feet in length and forty in width." This however was extinguished in about "three quarters of an hour" by the servants belonging to the plantation where their tent was raised. Notwithstanding this untoward incident, they had a fire large enough to cook their provisions and sufficiently safe to sleep by during the night. But he says, "I did not sleep a wink. Before daylight we ate our breakfast, went to the lake to shoot and get at our points before day-break." So continuously was this varied course of active, healthful exercise kept up during the two months that he remained on

the plantation, that of one day only it is recorded, "I staid at home all day."

Tallahassee being about five and a half miles distant, he went there every Sabbath to attend church, it being a rule with him never to be absent from public worship, unless prevented by sickness, when the place of its celebration was within an accessible distance. Every recurring Sabbath has its notice of the church he attended, the minister who officiated, and the text from which the sermon was preached. The tracts he brought with him were distributed, but he had been expecting a further supply to be forwarded from Baltimore by his brother-in-law James, one who, like his departed sister, sought every opportunity to do good. This expected box of books and tracts did not arrive at Tallahassee until a few days prior to his intended departure. Having gone to the city for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the most favorable route of travel, he found the box at the railroad office. He ordered it to be sent to a place where he could open it and assort its contents for distribution. It being then too late to attend to it, he returned home, and early the next morning, Tuesday, 21st December, he returned to Tallahassee, so as to lose no time

in distributing the books and tracts among the superintendents of the several Sabbath schools in the city, sending some to a church at Mount Zion, about nine miles distant. Speaking of this work he says: "Having suddenly learned that the Rev. Mr. P. would start for Pensacola the next day, I left a package of tracts for Captain S., of schooner J., took a few books and eleven packages of tracts for my own journey, and rode home to the plantation. Returned again to Tallahassee at night, stayed at City Hall, was waked up at two o'clock Wednesday morning, and started at four A. M. in a stage for Quincy, where we arrived at eight; could find no conveyance, and were detained until three in the afternoon.

"Quincy is a pleasant town, regularly laid out, with several fine houses; place of considerable wealth; about a thousand inhabitants; the capital of Gadsden County. Left there at three P. M. in a crazy old carriage for the Chattahoochee River. The road from Tallahassee to Quincy sandy and heavy; crossed in that route the Ocklockonnee River on a bridge fifty feet high, under which bridge the Ocklockonnee passes no less than three times in the space of two hundred yards. This river separates Leon County from Gadsden County. The road from Quincy

to Chattahoochee is delightful, except some hills near Quincy and some near the river. At the river we stopped at an excellent house kept by Mr. Hawley; had for tea and breakfast oysters, venison steaks, sausage, buckwheat cakes, biscuit, etc. Left Mr. Hawley's in his carriage at half past nine A. M. Thursday, 23d; crossed the Appalachicola River in a ferry boat in twenty minutes. The river is very wide and rapid. We then rode along the Appalachicola to the junction of the Chattahoochee and Flint Rivers, which join the Appalachicola, and along the Chattahoochee, about two miles, passing thousands of reeds of which fishing rods are made. They were very beautiful, with long, slender leaves in sprays; some reeds were twenty to twenty-five feet in length to one and one and a half inches in diameter. We then drove across a swamp about two and a half miles, which is overflowed often; saw the reeds and palmettoes (small kind) from about two feet to six feet high, leaves like a fern but not joined, and also some immense trees. After leaving the swamp rode through a pine barren country until we came to the Blue Spring, distant about twenty-two miles from Chattahoochee and six from Marianna. The Blue Spring is indeed well worth seeing; a long body of water, rush-

ing from under a limestone ledge with such force that if you jump in you will be thrown from the spring. The water is about fifteen feet deep at the spring and about thirty feet wide, so clear that the bottom and every pebble can be seen, and the sandy bottom has painted on it all the colors of the rainbow, in which blue predominates. The water also, at some few feet distance, has a rich blue appearance. We saw some fish below us about twelve inches long. There grew in the stream beautiful water-grass which waved by the force of the water, and whose summits were of the richest green; a lovely spot.

"Arrived at Marianna, capital of Jackson County, at three o'clock P. M. Stopped at Dr. E.'s; his wife from Maryland. Met Mr. L., a Methodist minister; gave him some tracts, and ten dollars for the church, just repaired. Had a pleasant conversation with him.

"*Saturday, December* 25. Yesterday stayed at Marianna. Took a walk in the morning with Mr. L.; inspected the Methodist meeting-house, and afterward went to Chipola River; examined limestone quarries; saw a cave from which issued a large stream. I understand that the Blue Spring is more than thirty feet in depth; that in the creek rockfish weighing sixty pounds have been caught. In the afternoon

went into a cave near Chipola River; had no lights; I went in about sixty feet.

"Marianna contains about four hundred inhabitants, good society; Jackson County, of which it is the capital, being very fertile, particularly the lands on Chipola River. This town has two good hotels, one Methodist Episcopal church; no other churches. Left Marianna on Saturday morning at eleven o'clock; rode to Webbville, nine miles; good pine woods; rode then eleven miles to Campbellton; good road, rich country; rode twelve miles further, where we stopped at Mr. W.'s tavern; got up at twelve, midnight, having slept in our clothes half an hour, and rode eleven miles to Hendricks before day-break, where we warmed ourselves about twenty minutes; road wretched, washed full of water in places; near Mr. W.'s had to take out horses, trunks, etc., to cross the bridge; and across the bridge the road was very deep, carriage near upsetting. From Hendricks started at daylight, rode nine miles to —— to take steamboat; the road tolerable, three bad hills; reached the town about eight, found the steamboat had left the evening before."

At this place the travelers were detained two days. It is characterized in the memorandum book

as one of the most wicked places ever visited. "No churches there; gambling and cock-fighting on the Sabbath. Saw a man who had fought in the Indian war, one of the most foul-mouthed, blasphemous persons I ever met with." There being no church in this town, nor any preaching place within a great distance, the travelers were obliged to spend their Sabbath in a tavern, with miserable accommodations, under the still greater misery of being surrounded by sights and sounds repulsive to sensitive feelings and refined tastes, but especially harrowing to those who honor the Sabbath as God's holy day. To see this day desecrated by vulgarity and profanity was sufficiently painful; but to this were added petty personal insults and annoyances from these low blasphemers, excited by the consciousness that the travelers were religious men. Mr. Baker was quiet and retiring, and ever more prone to pray for sinners in secret than to rebuke them harshly, or even openly; these annoyances, therefore, must have been gratuitous and unprovoked, and hence harder to bear. They are not even mentioned in his note-book, but he subsequently alluded to them, in speaking to a friend on the destitute condition of the town with regard to religious privileges. This wicked place was not forgotten;

he remembered it in the hope of promoting its welfare. Soon after he returned to Baltimore, nearly three months after his temporary sojourn in ——, he went to see this friend, a minister associated with the American Tract Society, and requested that a colporteur might be sent to reside in —— for a year, leaving with him a sufficient sum to defray the expense. The minister, struck with the return made, wrote a paragraph for a religious paper headed "The Christian Lawyer's Revenge." This passed the rounds of the different papers of the day, and at the time was read by his friends and relatives without knowing to whom it referred. He felt pained by the publication when he saw it, but still hoped that his identity would remain unknown. This piece, after the lapse of years since it appeared, could not be procured, and upon writing to the author for a copy an answer was received, from which we make the extract referring to the subject:

"I wish I could find the brief sketch I made of the incident referred to in your note, which at the time so deeply impressed my mind as to prompt the exclamation again and again, What a different world would this be if all, even of professors of religion, were influenced by these heavenly principles!

"The circumstances, as near as I can remember, were these. He was making a tour through the Southwestern States. A Sabbath morning found him in the southern part of Alabama; the name of the county I cannot now remember. There was no preaching within a long distance of the place where he was. The hotel accommodations were scanty and uninviting; still he rested on the holy day. This event, doubtless very unusual in the place, attracted attention. It was evidently presumed that he had a regard to serious things. This appears to have prompted those around to a course of action such as they knew must be painful and disgusting to a serious mind. Their language and deportment were manifestly designed to render his sojourn most unpleasant.

"Upon inquiring, he found there was no church within a great distance; no Sabbath school; no means of moral, intellectual, or religious improvement. It was pre-eminently a dark place in our land.

"The wicked pleasure manifested in wounding his religious feelings, and the evident darkness in which the community was enshrined, determined him to make some effort to supply their spiritual necessities. Colportage seemed to be best adapted to their careless and benighted condition. After he reached Bal-

timore, he gave me a donation to pay the salary of a man for one year to labor in that destitute field, and at the close of the year he repeated his munificent liberality to continue his labors in that moral waste for another year. His pecuniary liberality was great, and pre-eminently unostentatious; he did not allow his left hand to know what his right hand did."

The result of "The Christian Lawyer's Revenge" is unknown to his friends, and was unknown to himself. He was never prone to look eagerly or impatiently for visible effects in his efforts to do good. Knowing the long-suffering and patience of God toward depraved humanity, he felt it to be a folly in man to expect immediate success. In his whole course of Christian benevolence he did what he felt to be his duty, leaving the result calmly and trustingly with Him who alone could make it productive. Human instrumentalities, even the humblest, and human actions even the simplest, were nevertheless estimated according to their full value, for he knew that with God's blessing

> "No act falls fruitless; none can tell
> How vast its power may be,
> Nor what results unfolded dwell
> Within it silently."

Before he left Tallahassee to pursue his journey, he found upon inquiry that he would have either to go from St. Mark's in a schooner direct to New Orleans, or to go to Pensacola by hired conveyances, there being no regular line for travelers. The former route was recommended as far preferable, as he was told that in the route to Pensacola he would not find enough to eat; but he says in a letter: "After my experience from Savannah to Tallahassee, I think it would be rather hard to starve me. Worse or dirtier fare I cannot expect to meet with." Having heard from the minister who intended to go to Pensacola that "he expected to hear of an opportunity of going at least half the distance by steamboat," he made up his mind to go with him, nothwithstanding the unfavorable reports given to him respecting the difficulties and discomforts of the route. The steamboat they expected to meet at —— having left the evening before they arrived, they remained there until Tuesday, in hope of meeting another; but not willing to protract their stay at such a place, they left it in the carriage hired at Marianna. The note-book thus continues:

"We left —— gladly on Tuesday, December 28, at half past eleven A. M. for Pensacola, distance one hundred and twenty-five miles by signboard. Roads

tolerably good, creeks deep; in crossing one we took out our trunks, etc.; the creek so deep broke up the bottom of the carriage and floated out my hat, which I gave away. Reached Ghent's after dark; good house, but no sugar; stayed all night. Left at half past nine A. M. on the twenty-ninth; rode eight miles to M'David's Pond, twenty-two miles to Yellow Water River; crossed it in a flatboat; road terribly washed. Saw in the woods on the twenty-eighth four large wild turkeys, all males. Stopped at Hart's; very good house, nice beds, good fare, milk and sugar in coffee. His son, thirteen years old, had shot a fine buck just before we arrived, and had killed two before. Deer sell for one dollar apiece, twenty-five cents a ham. Plenty of deer, bears, and wolves, some panthers. Road all pine woods. M'David's Pond a fine sheet of water, two miles by one mile, skirted with fine forest trees. On the thirtieth left Hart's at a quarter before eight, rode sixteen miles to Smith's and fourteen to Milton, where we arrived at half past three. Lost my cloak yesterday at Cochran's in ascending the hill, a long one; got out and walked. Road from Ghent's to Milton in general good, in places washed. So far I have been preserved. Thanks to my Preserver!

"On Friday, December 31, left Milton for the ferry at half past five. Having started in the dark, we missed our road and drove about five miles out of our way, but fortunately discovered our error in time, and reached the ferry about half past eight, before the boat had left. I ate no breakfast; had slept but about two or three hours, and that in my clothes. Started in the flatboat at ten minutes before nine and were pulled across the Escambia Bay, about two and a quarter miles, then up to a mouth of the Escambia River and up the river about two and three quarter miles, in all five miles in about an hour and forty minutes. The navigation was pleasant, to me something new; the river was narrow, its banks marshy, covered with long bulrushes about eight or nine feet high, and a sort of canes about ten to twelve feet in height. The rushes grew in the water, the canes on the land; many cypresses are scattered along the river.

"We reached Pensacola at half past twelve; stopped at Jenks's Hotel, dined there, and walked about the town. It is situated at the foot of an elevated plateau of land, covered with shrubbery, wild, and upon a noble bay. Saw a gopher, a land-turtle found in the pine woods. There is also found in the

pine woods an animal called a salamander, which I have not seen, but of their mounds, like ant hills, have seen thousands; this animal is said to be like a large mole. There is in the neighborhood of Milton and Pensacola a fragrant shrub called the Titi plant. In Pensacola there are a few pretty new frame buildings, but the rest mostly old and small; saw many orange trees, some with fruit.

"Left Pensacola in the stage at five o'clock P. M.; two colored gentlemen, who spoke French, Spanish, and English, and had belonged to Spaniards in Pensacola before it was annexed to the United States, and our driver, being our stage company. Rode twenty miles to Perdido River, and after leaving Perdido rode thirty-five miles to Blakely, where we arrived at half past seven in the morning.

"*January* 1, 1848. Before reaching Perdido the road bad; two miles through swamp over corduroy road. We breakfasted at Blakely; took the steamer there at quarter before nine, and reached Mobile at ten A. M. Steamboat very frail; put up at Mansion House, first rate hotel, best by far I have yet seen in the South.

"Sunday went to the Methodist church; heard a good sermon in the morning, and at night attended

the annual meeting of the Mobile Union City Missionary Society, a Home Mission Society; was very much pleased; delightful hymns and tunes, some familiar and some not. Heard Dr. H. and Mr. N., of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. D., and another Methodist Episcopal minister speak. This was their first anniversary meeting; much good had resulted; such a society much needed, as I saw many shops open on the Sabbath. The Government-street Presbyterian church is a very large and handsome building of white marble; the Second Presbyterian church is unfinished. The Methodist church also large and handsome. There is a large Catholic church in Dauphin or Center-street unfinished.

"*Monday.* Kept in the house to-day; not very well; at times depressed; homesick.

"Left Mobile on Wednesday at four P. M. in the steamer Oregon, a large and delightful boat. We left three hours after the time, in consequence of the steamer, on her way from New Orleans, having been run into by the Montezuma, a rival boat. The wind blew fresh, and we arrived at the landing on Lake Pontchartrain on Thursday morning at twenty minutes past six. Took the Pontchartrain Railroad and arrived in New Orleans about seven o'clock. Rode

to St. Charles Hotel, where I breakfasted. The St. Charles is a large and splendid house; from its dome, which I ascended, had a very fine view of the whole city, and McDonough and Algiers on the opposite side, and of the whole turn of the river, which gives to New Orleans the name of the Crescent City.

"I have walked a good deal here: along the Levee from St. Mary's market to Esplanade-street, the boundary of first and third Municipality; to Julia-street and Old Basins; up Canal as far as Rampart-street; up Common to Charity Hospital. Have walked along Camp Magazine, Poydras, Gravier, Tchoupitoulas, Royal, Chartres, St. Charles, Bourbon, and St. Paul's. Have seen the old Spanish House, the Casa Bianca, the old Levee, the Obituary church, the St. Louis Cathedral, Charity Hospital, Mint, Dr. Hawks's church, First Presbyterian and Methodist churches; the Place d'Armes, and triumphal arch for General Taylor; the Ursuline Chapel, St. Louis Exchange, the Poydras, St. Mary's, Tchoupitoulas, and the old Levee Markets. On Sunday morning passed the old Levee market crowded with persons all jabbering French. Theaters open on Sunday. On Sunday morning heard an excellent sermon in Dr. Scott's church from a young man, Dr. Scott be-

ing absent. At night went to the Methodist church, a handsome building, with steeple one hundred and seventy feet high.

"General Taylor has been at the St. Charles for three days; have seen him often; is a plain-looking old man about five feet nine inches high, in military undress frock coat and black cap. Saw him review the troops on Saturday, January 8. His face is good, dark eyes, looks like a hard-working farmer. "Rough and Ready" seems a happy title.

"On Friday, the next day after my arrival here, went to Fourth District Court; heard Mr. Roselius argue; saw S. S. Prentiss. On Monday, January 10, left New Orleans at half past five P. M. for Natchez, reached Baton Rouge at ten A. M. Tuesday, and Natchez at seven A. M. Wednesday. The shaking of the boat was very unpleasant to me. At times we would run foul of floating trees. Water very turbid and muddy, in some places boiling up like a whirlpool. The banks, until some twenty miles above Baton Rouge, thickly lined with plantations; some houses very fine."

These extracts from Mr. Baker's traveling note-book show how actively his mind was engaged in observ-

ing and gaining information respecting the places through which he passed. So great was his accuracy in estimating size, extent, and distance by the eye, that he was rarely found mistaken upon a subsequent measurement. This will account for his numerical notations, taken merely by sight. His enjoyment of natural scenery in its beauty or sublimity was intense. The constant excitement of new objects and new scenes was to him a needed stimulus; a few hours of wakeful rest brought sad, painful thoughts, depression of spirits, and physical languor. In a letter written from Florida he says: "For the last three or four days I have felt somewhat of home-sickness; my thoughts will revert to my dear home, but I strive to call them away, as by indulgence they grow more painful. My dear Willie and my dear Margaret are often present to my thoughts. While thinking of them, I feel alone in the world; but I then think how ungrateful I am not to be continually thankful that in the unvarying kindness of my dear relatives I am so blessed.

"My time for the most part has been spent out of doors in rambling about—in gunning and fishing. I have not spared myself, but have taken more exercise than you would think I could, and it has resulted in my health being re-established. Ten days ago I

weighed one hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds, and I suppose my weight since has not decreased. I find that whenever I cease to take much exercise I feel languid, and loss of appetite is the immediate result." He remained in Natchez about five or six weeks at the home of his sister, and even there he allowed himself no leisure. His Sundays were passed in attending the different churches, sometimes hearing three sermons a day, and his week-days were spent in excursions through the surrounding country. He gave brief notes of the various objects that attracted his attention each day, in his long walks and rides, and from these notes the following extracts have been selected: "E. and I walked out to the Punch-Bowls along the bluffs. These Punch-Bowls are large, circular, deep bayous, filled with trees of considerable magnitude, showing that they must have existed a hundred years at least. Along the edges of the bayous there is a great quantity of the large cane of which fishing rods are made. It is a very graceful and beautiful evergreen plant, throwing out at every joint a spray of beautiful long willow-shaped leaves.

"M. and I have taken some long walks. Once we walked down the road by the bluff to the river side,

and up to the farthest Punch Bowl, and cut some very fine canes. At another time, out beyond Fort Rosalie, descended into a bayou and came out not far from the Episcopal church. Yesterday we walked by the hospital, through the woods, then along a bayou past the Washington road, then back of Mr. ——'s plantation, then to Dr. ——'s and home; about five miles in all. I have frequently walked along the bluff; it is along the river, about one hundred and fifty feet above it, about two hundred and fifty yards long, about one hundred yards wide in its widest part, triangular shaped, planted with trees, principally 'Pride of China.' It is a delightful walk; the river can be seen from it for about the extent of twelve or fourteen miles. I often walk on Dr. ——'s porch; it is about fourteen feet from the ground on which the house is built, and about fifty-five from the street. The bluff is right in front, about three hundred feet distant, and the intermediate ground being very low from it, you have a fine view of the river for above twelve miles, of Vidalia, on the opposite shore, of the woods and plantations on the Louisiana side, six plantations being visible. Through the woods you have a view of Lake Concordia, and on the Mississippi side you can see for several miles up and down the river shore."

In the midst of these notes we find recorded sad news from home, bringing back thoughts of his own desolation:

"*Monday, February* 7, 1848. This morning E. received a letter announcing the death of my mother-in-law. In the midst of life we are in death. I left her in better health than she had been for years. She was very kind to me, and her kindness seemed to be ever increasing. She has joined my ever dear Margeret and my darling Willie. Dr. P. has also died. I left him in perfect health; he was ever a warm friend to me. How these sudden deaths warn us to be also ready! May I be watchful and ready when the messenger comes!"

The next memorandum is of a walk to a place called Washington, six miles distant from Natchez, and the return home: the whole distance walked being fourteen miles. Of another he says: "This afternoon M. and I walked up the river bank about two and a half miles. Coming home, we saw at one time eight fires, cotton stalks burning, one being on the far side of Lake Concordia, a beautiful sight. We passed around the three Punch Bowls; the one we climbed a few days ago was the nearest one to Natchez, the

others we then passed were not called Punch Bowls, being bayous of less size than those so called. . . . Below the bluff, but on the high bank of the river, saw three cannons, one a six-pounder, made for the British in 1756, surrendered by Burgoyne in 1777 to Gates at Saratoga, which fact is engraved on it; surrendered to the British, and retaken at New Orleans. The other two were Mexican twelve-pounders, all of brass, taken at Alvarado by Lieutenant Hunter."

In one of his excursions to the plantations in the neighborhood he says: "Saw in the forest several squirrels, dark red color, very large. For two or three miles the road is lined with Chickasaw or Cherokee rose hedges; saw also hedges of Spanish Bayonet, and in gardens some of Cape Jessamine and roses. There is prevalent universally here the old formal mode of trimming of Queen Anne's time. The small trees and shrubs are cut into the form of globes, cubes, elipses, etc., etc.; most unnatural. There is a pride in keeping everything in its intended shape; not a twig is suffered to grow too large."

Before leaving Natchez, he speaks of the weather as being delightful, peach-trees full of blossoms, roses, verbenas, and periwinkles in bloom. Thermometer seventy degrees at midday.

He left Natchez on Thursday, February 17th, and gives a brief account of his route up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, with sketches of the towns passed or visited on his journey. One Sunday was passed at Evansville, the next at Cincinnati. On his passage up the Ohio the weather became very cold, with frequent snow storms; and on Wednesday night, March 8, during a heavy fall of snow, he states that "the boat struck on Beaver shoals at ten o'clock P. M., and was wedged in the rocks. Working with the derrick until after three, when I went to bed, and got up at half past five A. M., having slept only two hours. About half past nine in the morning, by assistance of another steamer, got clear of the shoal rocks."

After arriving at Pittsburgh he became much indisposed, and says: "From loss of rest and the cold on Wednesday night, I was restless and feverish all Thursday night. This continued all day Friday; I had no appetite; dieted on black tea and toast at breakfast, dinner, and supper; vomiting having come on, sent for Dr. E., who prescribed for me; slept tolerably well on Friday night. Very much depressed in spirits all Friday and Saturday.

"*March* 12, 1848. Went this morning (Sunday) to Methodist church; heard a good sermon from a

young preacher, text 1 John iii 2. In the afternoon went to the Fifth Presbyterian church. The minister lectured on the humanity of Christ, pointing out chapter and verse, and the congregation finding and reading out the passages; very much interested; called a Bible class. Depressed to-day at times; longing for home, dear, dear home."

The next and last date in the memorandum book is "Friday, March 17, 1848. At my dear, dear home." He then continues the account of his route as follows: "On Monday, (13th,) at four P. M., left Pittsburgh in the steamer Atlantic; cold, windy, and a storm of driving snow; witnessed the passing of the first lock; slackwater navigation, admirable contrivance for making rivers navigable; arrived at Brownsville at about twelve, midnight; felt cold and sickish all the time, as if suffocating with coal-smoke; start from B. at seven A. M., rode very slowly to Union Town, then ascended the mountains. The first mountain is Laurel Hill; hills covered with snow. Commenced to snow in the after part of the day, and continued until night. At twenty miles from Cumberland had a driver ill-humored on account of having to drive so cold a night, being the

coldest of the whole winter, snowing and blowing, mountain covered with snow, roads frozen and slippery. He drove fast up hill to pass stages before, and down hill furiously; broke harness several times, and when proceeding slowly along a level plain discovered one of the forewheels bent, and found axle broken. Got out into another stage and rode on to Cumberland, about fifteen miles, and arrived there at half past three A. M. When we broke down, about a mile off, another stage had upset and injured all the passengers; one man had his collar-bone broken, others much cut and bruised; none so as to endanger life. Left Cumberland at eight A. M., arrived safely at Baltimore about six P. M.; met brothers H. and R. at the cars, and in due time reached my dear, dear home. And now I return my heartfelt thanks to my kind Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer for his watchful and kind providence, which has kept me safe amid all the dangers and accidents of my long journey, and has brought me again unharmed into the bosom of my loved family at Friendsbury.

"In my journey I was absent five months, less six days, and traveled three thousand nine hundred and twenty-six miles, of which I traveled in

steamboats two thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight miles on fourteen different boats, four hundred and ten miles on railroads, one hundred and fifty-eight miles in stages, and five hundred miles in private land conveyance and ferry-boats."

In his notes of travel from Natchez to Baltimore there was no reference to his having rested on the Sabbath; but from the time occupied by his journey from Memphis to Pittsburgh being so much longer than usual, it was found, on examining the dates, that he left the boats to spend his Sundays in the towns on the route, where he could have the privilege of attending public worship. The first Sunday being passed in ascending the Mississippi river, he was deprived of the opportunity of leaving the boat; but with the exception of this each successive one, at Evansville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, has its record of the sermons preached, the chapter and verse, containing the text, and the name of the minister when it could be ascertained. Upon a further examination of the several dates through the whole of the memorandum book, the number of Sundays during his absence from home were found to be twenty-one; of these but two were passed in travel-

ing, one in his southward route, and the other on his return homeward, both unavoidable under the circumstances in which he was placed. Of one Sunday in Florida no record is given, except that the "thermometer fell to thirty degrees, water freezing in his room, and ice on the plantation half an inch thick; the sugar-cane much affected by the severe cold, tops all withered." Another was spent in a town where there was no place of worship. Of the remaining number every one has its separate statement of the church attended, and the texts preached from; and whenever opportunities afforded, we find mention of three sermons heard on each day. At all times and in all places he not only remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, but always consecrated it, when practicable, to the public worship of God.

His route of travel led him through the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, and through a southern portion of Alabama, part of Louisiana and Mississippi; and in a letter written from Florida we find the only mention of the subject so fruitful in the essays, debates, and even in the light literature of the present day. After describing the beautiful lands of the South, he says: "It would be a beautiful country to live in were the

people and the institutions equal to nature's loveliness; but slavery, with its constant attendants, idleness, waste, and decay, is here. Wherever I have been as yet, in the South, this decay and sloth seem everywhere visible. The slaves seem to be happy; their work is light; they have food which would be esteemed by many poor in the North as luxuries. Here, apart from the common food, meal, pork, or bacon, the negroes have groundnuts, syrup or molasses, chickens, sweet potatoes, all in abundance; but the greatest evil seems to be to the owners. The system creates wastefulness and idleness."

CHAPTER IX.

CAREER OF USEFULNESS AS A LAWYER AND A CITIZEN—HIS EFFICIENT LABORS IN THE VARIOUS PUBLIC CHARITIES.

"'Tis over now, and O, I bless thee, Lord,
For making me thus desolate below;
For severing one by one the ties that bind me
To this cold world, for whither can earth's mourners
Fly but to heaven."

"Strength is born
In the deep silence of long suffering hearts,
Not amid joy."

HAVING returned to his "beloved family at Friendsbury" with renewed health and restored energies, Mr. Baker was now prepared for the work to which he had devoted the remainder of his life. In the sanctuary of his own room he looked on the cherished memorials of his departed wife and child, and fain would he have sat there alone to muse sadly over his desolation; but he felt that he must deny himself the indulgence of unavailing sorrow, and press forward in the path of high and holy duty.

He had no inclination to mingle in general society, and declined every occasion of being drawn into company. It was gratifying to him to visit those who had known his dear Margaret, to retrace with them the little incidents associated with her memory, to hear them speak of the beautiful traits and surpassing excellences that made her so lovely and beloved, and for a brief season he indulged himself in this melancholy pleasure; but when he was told that "common report," the idle gossip of cold-hearted triflers, had represented him as seeking for another to take the place of her whom he mourned, it came upon him like a sudden blow from an unseen hand, and the sad and grieved expression of his countenance showed how deeply his spirit was wounded. Judging from his own feelings, he thought that "sorrow was a sacred thing," and living apart from worldly society he had not learned the painful truth, that in its idle chattering nothing is held sacred. To him his dear wife, though parted from him on earth, was yet living perfected in grace and loveliness in heaven, and he ever thought of her and his angel Willie as waiting to welcome him to an eternal home. Those who knew him well knew that his love was no transient sensation, awakened by one earthly object and easily

transferred to another. Enkindled by graces that death cannot destroy, it belonged to the soul, and shared its immortality. His affectionate heart had tranquilly rested in the possession of the greatest earthly happiness, but ere he could realize its full extent it was suddenly withdrawn. He had been taught life's saddest lesson, the perishableness of its dearest gifts, and under a higher teaching had laid up his treasure in heaven, and placed his hopes of happiness where they could never perish. These truths, so hard for men to learn during a long life's discipline of sorrow and disappointment, he had learned ere he reached the maturity of his manhood. Thanking God for his transient bliss, he felt it to be true that

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to a land where sorrow is unknown."

In devoting the remainder of his life to the glory of God, and in doing good unto men, he went quietly forward in the routine of every-day life, looking unto God for guidance as opportunities opened before him. He had long before consecrated his income by contributing freely to various benevolent institutions and to private charities; but he now felt

desirous to make a further consecration to God, that of his time and talents. But in doing this he formed no Utopian schemes for human reformation, or for the amelioration of human suffering; he calmly performed the services needed as the occasions were presented. The duty that lay nearest was with him the first to be fulfilled. In the prosecution of his business he found many opportunities of doing good. He regarded the poor and friendless as God's clients, and labored assiduously to protect their rights and establish their claims to justice. Those who came to him as a lawyer found in him a friend. So deeply did his sympathies identify him with those who had suffered wrong, that their trials and misfortunes bore heavily on his spirit, even in his hours of relaxation from business. His moody silence, his troubled countenance, were to those at home a sufficient indication that some case of hardship or difficulty had been brought to him for redress. His soul was pained by "man's inhumanity to man," the merciless exactions, unjust oppression, the falsehood, the meanness, and the dishonesty, all springing from "that root of all evil," as the Bible designates "the love of money;" but yet his feelings were not embittered toward the wrong-doers. His knowledge of poor erring man

was gained in the school of Christ, and here he had learned to pity instead of despise the bond-slaves of sin, the worshipers of mammon.

His own generous, unselfish nature led him to go beyond the requirements of right in his dealings toward others. To the laborer he was ever ready to pay more than his hire, when he thought the service entitled him to more; and to his clients he not only paid over the full amount of their claim as soon as he received it from their debtors, but would even give them bankable money in place of the uncurrent notes with which the debt had been settled, making the discount his own loss. In making one of these payments his generous conduct met with a mean return, it is to be hoped a solitary instance. The incident happened to be witnessed by another, or it would not have been known. When the money was paid over in bankable notes, the client carefully pocketed the whole amount, and then drawing out a roll of uncurrent bills, took out the customary fee and handed it to the lawyer. It was taken without a comment, no remark was made respecting it after the client had gone, but those who knew him felt how deeply he must have pitied the sordid nature that prompted such an action.

So great was the confidence reposed in his integrity, that he had more business pressed on him than he was willing to accept, lest it should engross the time devoted to higher duties. A little incident is recalled, indicating the estimation in which he was held by the community. A stranger came into his office and asked if he were Mr. William George Baker. On being answered in the affirmative, he then introduced himself, stating that he had business in Baltimore requiring a lawyer, and was directed to him. He then told the circumstance that brought him to the office. Having arrived in the city a stranger, and knowing no one, he was at a loss how to proceed in procuring a lawyer. While walking in the street, he suddenly determined to ask the first respectable-looking man he met to direct him to an honest lawyer. On asking the question from a passer-by, the answer was, "There's one lawyer there can be no mistake about; go to William George Baker."

It was by a quiet, unobtrusive course of integrity in his daily life and actions, that his reputation rose to its full height in public estimation. Men saw in him one who could be trusted in little things as well as in great, feeling assured that in his hands neither their private nor the public interests would

suffer wrong. The widow, the orphan, and the poor man sought him as a counselor, knowing that he was ever willing to do what he could for them, even when their circumstances precluded the expectation of receiving anything for his services. The extent of his legal knowledge enabled him to aid his professional brethren in solving the obscurities of a difficult case, and his sound judgment fitted him to advise in matters of government, legislative or executive, and his assistance or counsel was freely given when requested. At the same time he could sympathize with the inexperienced, and, without waiting to be solicited, would kindly and patiently endeavor to instruct the widow and the orphan in matters of business, so as to enable them to manage their finances to the best advantage. The most profitable portion of his business was gradually relinquished, that he might have more leisure to attend to those cases where he felt he could do good to those who most needed it.

Whatever his hand found time to do in the course of duty was faithfully done. If called on to engage in any object of public utility or charity, and it was one that his judgment approved, he entered upon it with whole-souled interest, laboring steadily onward to

the accomplishment of the desired result. He became one of the thinkers and workers in every cause that he espoused. He was not one of those who permit their names to stand out prominently in association with benevolent institutions, but are virtually dead men as far as efficient action is concerned. Nor was he one among the many who think they have done their part when they pay the mite of their annual subscription out of their overflowing coffers. He gave his time, his thoughts, and his talents as liberally as he gave his money, and these are in most cases of far greater value. Omnipotent as money is thought to be in every operation, religious, benevolent, political, or civil, and universal as is the cry "give! give!" in every quarter, yet the present age has a greater want, and one not so easily supplied. This is the want of men, and if these be not found, money avails but little. Look at every great work projected for the welfare of humanity, and reverence as we may the wisdom, the piety, and the ability of its framers, yet when we examine into its operations we see a sad want of thinking, working, self-denying laborers. Most men are satisfied if they turn aside for a few brief moments to give a temporary assistance, but nothing of heart or soul is given

to the work. They have too much else to do in self-seeking or self-pleasing. Their thoughts and feelings are too deeply engrossed in courting the loud huzzas of the gaping crowd, or in scrambling for the chances of gathering up gold, that they may strut before their less lucky competitors as men of fortune. Such a life-work as this pitiable one may do for those whose capacities can rise no higher, but alas for those to whom God hath given noble gifts, when they are prostituted to uses so base, so selfish!

When money is sought as a means and not as an end, when wealth honestly acquired by diligence, prudence, and perseverance, is acknowledged as the result of God's blessing on the opportunities given, and is held as a trust for whose righteous use its possessors will be held responsible, its pursuit and its acquisition are alike honorable and justifiable. But how few thus acknowledge or regard it; the opinion and the practice of the many, not only of worldlings, but of those who claim a place among the children of God, seem to utter this language: "It is my own; my only indebtedness is to my own industry, foresight and energy, and have I not a right to do what I will with my own, to save or to spend, to give or withhold, as it best suits my own inclination? We

hear much upbraiding and many lamentations that the greed of gold, so ravenous in our day, has led to so much withholding of the pecuniary aid necessary to carry on the various religious and benevolent institutions; but there is a withholding sadder, sadder still—a withholding of human hearts and human souls. Give us self-denying, resolute, earnest men, whose life-pulses are throbbing with love for humanity, and whose souls are filled with love to God, whose highest happiness is found in making others happy; and let them pass onward in their highway of duty, doing good to all within their sphere of influence and action, and we need not cringe, and bow, and supplicate for the sorely grudged pittance extorted from avarice or luxurious self-indulgence. Give us men who look not on their wealth as the great Babylon that their own power and might has builded, but as a possession that God has enabled them to acquire that they might honor him with their substance, by appropriating the first-fruits, and such a portion of their increase, according as God has prospered them, as thank-offerings from grateful hearts. Let us have more Christians like William George Baker, whose life was made sublime by the simplicity of Christian faith and practice that lifted his

spirit above the world, while engaged in efforts to do good in the world. Let us have men whose word is a bond, and whose truth is as God's truth, and whose piety none ever doubted; let us have more of such men, and the cause of God and humanity would move on without let or hinderance. "It is a pity there are so few men like him," said one in speaking of the loss sustained by the public in his death. Yes! it is a pity there are so few in the pathways of public life whose radiance of character, if men would but consider its true source, would be a guiding star, leading them to Him, the light of the world, who came to bring peace on earth and good-will to man.

The cause of public education was the first public work to which Mr. Baker devoted himself. "This cause," said one who labored with him, "was of all others, save that of religion, the nearest his heart." He entered upon it in less than a year after his return from the South, and continued his labors until the year preceding his death. The deepest feelings of his heart, as a Christian and a patriot, were drawn out toward children, and hence his endeavors to promote their spiritual and intellectual growth. It was for this he labored so long, so patiently, and so faithfully as a Sunday-school teacher. He was

always at his post, for not even the attraction of a popular preacher elsewhere could ever induce him to relinquish even for a day his self-denying duty. For fifteen years he continued his labors in the Sunday school belonging to the little chapel where he first united himself to the Church, and unless absent from home or confined by sickness, every alternate Lord's day found him in his place with his band of scholars. Even after his marriage, and his residence in the city, there was no intermission in his regular attendance, though obliged to walk more than two miles to the place where he taught.

The following address, delivered before a society of Sunday-school teachers, will show not only his estimation of Sunday-school instruction, but the paramount importance of early training in determining the character and destiny for time as well as eternity:

"Many are the plans on which good and wise men have labored for the promotion of the happiness of mankind. And of all the benevolent enterprises which have been devised for that object, that for the advancement of which we have come together to-night is assuredly one among the best and most excellent.

"Indeed, the importance of the Sunday-school cause cannot be too highly estimated. Its primary object is to impart religious instruction to the young, to gather them while their habits are unformed, and their minds most easily molded for good or for evil, and to train them up in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart therefrom; to teach them their duty, not only to their fellow-man, but to Him who gave them being: and this, not by the rules of any system of philosophy of man's invention, not by the precepts of any morality which régards alone the happiness of man here, but by the teachings of inspiration, by those lessons of wisdom which our all-wise Creator has himself given for man's guidance and instruction.

"This religious instruction upon the Sabbath-day is not designed as a substitute for other means of education, nor is it intended to dispense with the continued moral and religious training of youth at all times. Although the inculcation of religious truth is peculiarly appropriate to the Sabbath, yet it ought never to be confined exclusively to that day. It is the duty of the parent, as soon as the intellect of the child is first awakened, to instill the lessons of piety; daily to impress upon its infant mind the duty it

owes to a benevolent Creator; and when in its earliest prayer it lisps, 'Thy will be done,' to teach it the will of that 'Father who is in heaven.'

"And when the child is committed to others for instruction, when the education of the home is exchanged for that of the school, the Bible should ever be his text-book and his guide, and thence should he be taught continually to draw lessons of heavenly wisdom. It should never cease to be a lamp to the feet, to direct his steps in the way that leadeth to life. If this were done, Sabbath-school instruction, indeed, would not be so essential as it now is; but how different is the case! how much is this religious training neglected! How many children are there who are not only brought up in ignorance of their duty, but who are taught to do evil! and how numerous, diversified, and powerful are the evil influences that even in this age of light are everywhere felt, and surround the youth on every side! From these causes, the instruction of the Sunday school becomes immensely more important and valuable. In too many cases, by it alone is any religious knowledge afforded, or any shield interposed to guard against the inroads of vice.

"In this our country especially should the exten-

sion and success of the Sunday-school system excite the deepest interest of the patriot as well as the Christian. Here, as the people are the source of the government and the laws, as upon the wise or improper exertion of their power the happiness of the community so much depends, it is of much moment that the youth of our country should be early trained to habits of virtue and integrity, and taught to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; for unless sentiments of morality and religious obligation be widely spread among the people, it is vain for us to expect that our institutions will be permanent or prosperous. And this is becoming peculiarly necessary, as so many thousands of the ignorant and depraved, as well as the poor and oppressed of other nations, are yearly crowding into our land, many of them unacquainted with our institutions or the principles of rational freedom, debased in mind and degraded in morals; these will exert on us an influence for ill constantly increasing in proportion to their growing numbers. And if we would not desire to see a flood of vice and irreligion sweeping over our land, there must be on our part a steady and enduring struggle to stay its progress.

"And what agency besides the preaching of the

Gospel can be employed so efficacious, and so well adapted to arrest the growth of vice and the extension of irreligious principles, as the Sunday school, gathering those whose minds are as yet unaffected by deep-seated prejudices, and whose affections are susceptible of being properly and wisely directed, and preparing them for lives of usefulness and piety. Thus is a double gain achieved; that power which, if left untaught, they would exert for evil, is now put forth against it; and instead of being the enemies of religion, they become not neutral, but its firm and active friends and allies. But these happy results of Sunday schools are not obtained without much patient toil and self-denial, nor without repeated failures and disappointments on the part of those engaged in this cause. Multiplied and various are the difficulties which impede and counteract their efforts. The seeds which are sown on the Sunday are frequently destroyed by the chilling influence of the world, its follies and its vices, to which the children during the week, and when deprived of the watchful solicitude of their teachers, are often so much exposed. Habits of vice, which in the Sunday school are sedulously sought to be restrained, are strengthened and confirmed by intercourse and association

with the wicked and the vile, and often does the heart of the faithful teacher faint within him when he sees that all his exertions are apparently so fruitless; that while he expected good evil abounded; when he finds that his self-denial, his anxious desire to benefit and instruct, are met with unthankfulness and ingratitude.

"But let not these discouragements cause your hands to droop, or your efforts to be relaxed; a *great good is seldom to be attained without a severe struggle.* If the inducements to sin so greatly abound, let your endeavors to arrest its progress be more active and persevering; and if the time for giving instruction be so brief, let that time be the more sedulously and earnestly improved. Think of the worth of one immortal soul; and if you may be the honored instrument of assisting one weak and erring child in the way of life, let the immeasurable value of that soul encourage you to press on unweariedly in your labor of love. And your instructions will not altogether fail, though they so often seem to be profitless at present. Often a Scripture precept, the teacher's word of warning, though it seem to fall unheeded on the ear, in after-life, amid folly and dissipation in the career of vice, will, by the influence of the Spirit, rush

into the mind of the wanderer, call back to remembrance the peaceful hours of his youth, the forgotten lessons of the Sunday school, his neglected Bible, and his God whom he has long since ceased to obey, and the strong man has bowed himself as humble as a very child. Your efforts will not be in vain; the records of every Church will testify how many humble and pious Christians, how many of those who have been burning and shining lights, have received their first religious impressions in the Sabbath school.

"May the good that has been done inspire you with new courage for the future! may the greatness of your aim, embracing no less than the interests of eternity, contrasted with the briefness of your time here, urge you, in humble dependence upon Him without whose help nothing can prosper, to press onward in this noble cause! Press on, then, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest. Press on while yet you may! And not only let your exertions be continued and patient, and your energies be fully devoted to this work; let it be your endeavor to seek out and select those means that may be productive of the greatest amount of good. One of these means which has been adopted, and with great

success, is that we are about to make trial of—teachers' meetings.

"The general design of these meetings is, that teachers should assemble at stated times for mutual self-improvement, and instruction in the best modes of teaching their classes and conducting the exercises of the Sabbath school.

"I shall occupy your attention for a brief space in making some few suggestions as to the general mode of conducting these meetings, and then pointing out some of the advantages that may be expected to be derived from them:

"1. A lesson from the Holy Scriptures, selected at a previous meeting, should be read and discussed. The teachers should give, separately, their views of its meaning, and explain each particular passage, being careful to make these explanations rather *from their own reflection and examination* than from the views of commentators.

"2. After the lesson has been fully examined and discussed, the teachers should endeavor to explain and illustrate its meaning, in that plain and familiar manner that is best calculated to interest and inform the minds of children. This is of the utmost importance; but few persons without much labor or study

have the power of engaging the attention of the young, and explaining what they have read so as to convey its meaning with distinctness and precision.

"3. From the lesson they should suggest questions, such as are proper to be put to the children, in order to enforce their attention and impress on their minds the meaning of each passage, trying to vary and multiply the questions so as to suit the various minds of the children and their different degrees of intelligence, and especially so as to teach them those truths best fitted to affect their consciences and to promote their spiritual enlightenment.

"4. It would also be profitable and interesting for the teachers to state their views, derived from reading and their own experience, of the most effective modes of imparting instruction, the best plans of promoting order and conducting the exercises of the school; remembering above all always to seek the direction of the Holy Spirit, without whose aid all human efforts will prove fruitless of permanent good.

"From meetings so conducted, may we not hope that the zeal and the interest of the teachers will be greatly increased; that, instead of proceeding slowly and feebly in their exertions, they will be roused to energy and more effective effort. Every instance of

success will excite expectations of renewed success. Despondency will give way to hope. Past discouragements and disappointments will be forgotten in the view of prospects of a brighter future, and untiring perseverance and successful zeal will soon take the place of comparative indifference, listlessness, and inaction; and while the interest and the zeal of the teachers will be augmented, their capacity of instructing will be also greatly enlarged. Not only will they desire to do more, but they will be better able to accomplish what they desire.

"A greater concert and uniformity in the mode of teaching will be gained. Children removed from one class to another will not have to unlearn, to accommodate themselves to a new mode of instruction. Particularly valuable will this uniformity be to us, where the teachers are generally engaged only on alternate Sundays. Two different teachers must differ in many respects, unless there be a frequent interchange of opinions.

"These are some of the advantageous results we hope to obtain from these meetings of the teachers of our Sunday schools. May the advantages we shall obtain far exceed these, our anticipations, and may we be enabled, ere long, to realize, on our part, a

fuller devotion of our energies to this cause, an increased ardor and success in the discharge of our duty, and, on the part of those committed to our care, a growth of intelligence and piety such as we have never before witnessed! And may each teachers' meeting give evidence of the steady and continued progress in knowledge and true holiness of all connected with our Sunday schools!"

The opinions expressed in the above address were not merely given as truths to be reflected upon by others; they were fully carried into action by his own example. The proper instruction and training of youth he regarded as one of the most responsible trusts that could be undertaken. He knew that God, from the beginning, had placed this responsibility upon parents; but he knew too that parental ignorance, indifference, or sinful neglect had made it necessary, for the sake of the children as well as the cammunity, that some provision should be made by society or government for the right direction of the growing power of the human will, so fearful when prostituted to evil, and for the education of the dawning mind as a preparation for future duties. It was to meet the necessities of the neglected masses of

children that the institutions of the Sunday school, and the various systems of public education, were first conceived and adopted, the very nature of which presupposes a voluntary assumption of responsibility, somewhat allied to the parental, on the part of those who undertake its fulfillment. It was a sense of this responsibility that led Mr. Baker to press onward for so many years in the self-denying duties of the Sunday school teacher, and induced him to devote himself so earnestly to the cause of public education after being elected to the office of a public school commissioner. He knew and felt that in neither case could society or government provide a substitute for the parental obligation, yet he did all he could in carrying out the design of these institutions to the extent of which they are capable. He regarded education in its widest sense as including "habits of virtue and integrity" and the careful inculcation of "sentiments of moral and religious obligation," demanding a more constant supervision than could possibly be given by the most faithful teacher.

He was a member of the Board of School Commissioners for six years. Part of the time he filled the office of president, and during this period he labored assiduously and perseveringly in promoting the

interests of public education. So great was his sense of the responsibility of his position, that he could not be persuaded to relax his efforts even when his health required it. He usually suffered from exposure to the night air, yet he would attend the evening meetings of the Board, and then take his long walk home at night, returning weary and exhausted. His family frequently urged him to resign; but his heart was too deeply engaged in the work to give it up voluntarily. Knowing the fearful power of the human will for good or evil, and the importance of its being early trained to take a right direction, he felt the necessity of providing such educators as would labor most faithfully in the duties assigned them. Neither political partisanship, sectarian bigotry, nor popularity-seeking zealotry, could ever make him swerve from the advocacy of measures that he deemed essential to the interests of the cause he served. He permitted nothing ulterior or irrelevant to draw aside his attention from the welfare of the gathered masses of incipient manhood and womanhood, for he knew that, in the lapse of a few years, society would have reason to bless or to curse those to whose fostering care their young hearts and minds were trustingly committed. To him they were

not mere school-boys or school-girls under the drill and routine of daily recitations and exercises, but the future men and women of the community, upon whose aggregate character and intelligence so much depended.

That his labors in behalf of these children were gratefully appreciated, is touchingly verified by the following tribute to his memory by one of the female graduates of 1855. In addressing the Board of Commissioners she says: "Yet there is a deeper, holier memory still, connected with our grateful recollections, and in this farewell evening we would humbly offer our sympathy in the loss you have experienced during the last few weeks. We would unite with yours our feelings of loneliness and sorrow at the departure of your former president to that 'dwelling where no footstep falls.' We would say to you how strong are our emotions, in common with those who have shared his attention and his labors in our behalf. For long, long years did he toil for the growth and prosperity of public education, and now, when those efforts have been crowned with success, he is lost to us forever! In the midst of his usefulness the death angel entered, and willingly he stretched forth his hands to meet that from which so many

shrink. O let not the tears shed for him, the *universally beloved*, be tears of vain repining! let no wish be breathed for his return, for a bright future hath opened before his immortal vision; he hath only gone home.

"Thou art gone home! gone home!
Thou hast no tear
Again to shed.
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weighed down by memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

By the bright waters now thy lot is cast;
Joy for thee, happy friend; thy bark hath passed
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled,
Home! home! thy peace is won, thy heart is filled,
Thou art gone home!"

Shortly after Mr. Baker entered upon his labors in the cause of public education, he became associated with a body of public-spirited, benevolent individuals in the organization and establishment of a society for improving the condition of the poor. The design of this association was the just and judicious appropriation of the funds collected for relieving the destitute, so as to prevent the evils arising from indiscriminate alms-giving, and the successful imposition of profes-

sional beggary. In the language of the Report for 1850, published January 1, 1851, it is stated that "The object of this association is not only to relieve the necessities of the poor, but to improve their condition morally and mentally, as well as physically; to put a check upon street-begging and vagrancy, and to discountenance indiscriminate alms-giving. This it proposes to do by visiting the poor at their homes, and after carefully examining into their condition and character, to extend to them appropriate relief, and kindly and affectionately enforce upon them the necessity of temperance, economy, industry, and self-dependence."

The committee appointed to report upon a plan of organization say they "have aimed at the development of a plan, the foundations of which should be as broad and as deeply laid as the humanities which bind man to his fellows, and based on a recognition of the truth, that the calamities of poverty are the incidents of our race, to which all are liable, and that the 'poor shall never cease out of the land.' They have aimed at the organization of a system which, while it relieves the destitute, will have prominently in view the social and physical elevation of that class of society usually calling for the interposi-

tion of charitable aid, and the discouragement of pauperism and vagrancy; a system free alike from *national* or *sectarian* partialities, prejudices, or purposes, and commending itself, by its comprehensiveness and efficiency, to the favorable judgment and cheerful support of a humane and enlightened community." To carry out this noble scheme of sound, comprehensive philanthropy, it was thought necessary that it should be intrusted to a society of individuals assuming "a voluntary individual guardianship of the poor," and for the efficient operation of the plan adopted, every provision was made that human wisdom and enlightened benevolence could devise.

The rules and instructions given to the visitors of the several sections, are embodied in a Manual, which in itself is invaluable as a guide to all who go about doing good, whether as private individuals or as members of benevolent societies, and is truly a compend* of the "Economy of Charity." Its classification of the different grades and characters of those who seek or need assistance, its directions adapted to each of these classes, and the different modes suggested for their moral, spiritual, and temporal benefit,

* These rules are stated "to have been derived from the kindred association in New York."

evince a sound judgment and truly Christian benevolence, which, if acted upon, would produce a vital change in the condition and prospects of the poor.

The necessity of such an organization as "The Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor" had been long felt as a great and growing want. There had never been any lack of liberal giving for the relief of the destitute. Large amounts had been freely contributed, year after year, through public and private alms-giving; but the want of judicious managment had often caused a large portion of these sums to be expended upon the vicious and ill-deserving, or, worse than this, to be successfully extorted by the knavery of cunning impostors. The munificent sums collected for the intended relief of the distressed and the unfortunate poor had only resulted in the fearful increase of pauperism and mendicity. This association entered nobly and earnestly in their efforts to work out one of the most difficult problems presented by society—to mitigate the suffering resulting from poverty by providing for its necessities, and to elevate these thus aided from the degradation of pauperism, by laboring to remove the causes that produce this poverty. To give temporary relief to those that are found ready to perish from

cold, hunger, or nakedness is comparatively an easy task, if the means provided be sufficient to meet the exigency; but if a higher ground be taken in seeking to promote the permanent welfare of the poor, there are questions continually coming up to the thoughtful mind that are found hard to be answered. This higher ground embraces so extensive a view of the widespread evils of penury, and of the various causes producing it, as seen in the encircling horizon of human society, that those who, seeing all these things, yet nobly and resolutely resolve to do what they can, are surely the true-hearted friends of humanity.

They know that they will have much to bear and forbear. They feel not only the responsibility but the difficulties of their position: the dissatisfaction, the complaints, and the ingratitude of the poor; the discouragements, the fault-finding, the injudicious counsel, and the illiberal judgment of the contributors to the cause. They know, too, that they will have to forbear in carrying out their own views of equal justice, when they find that so much of the suffering of virtuous poverty is caused by the men who grind the faces of the poor as *laborers*, while they give abundantly to the poor as *paupers*. Without this

forbearance, they would be impelled to go to such men, and say to each one, as they solicit their aid in relieving these sufferings: "'Thou art the man;' it is thy work, and thou must 'restore fourfold, because thou didst this thing and had no pity.'" But the saddest thought of all, is the consciousness that the noblest scheme of philanthropy ever devised by human wisdom is liable to be abused or nullified by human errors or prejudices, and that its failure is certain, notwithstanding the best rules and regulations, unless men can be found fitted to carry them into operation. The inventive genius of man is fully equal to the perfection of material machinery, so as to bring every part, from the greatest to the least, into successful operation, by removing every possibility of friction or impediment; but the machinery of human minds, hearts, and hands cannot be thus regulated by man; to bring this into successful action the motive power of love to God and humanity must throb with equal pulsation throughout the whole body. The Gospel scheme of benevolence is one of individual responsibility, and not of associated action; but society is not yet prepared to appreciate or carry out its wisdom, its fitness, and its simplicity. The Christian philanthropist must therefore take men

as they are, without waiting for them to become what they ought to be.

Calmly weighing all the difficulties that might become impediments to the successful operation of this great work of public charity, Mr. Baker went resolutely forward in his labors to extend the benefits of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor." To him it was a self-sacrificing work, from his morbid sensitiveness to human suffering, and his disposition to tax his strength to the uttermost in doing all he could to promote its specific design. Patiently investigating the complaints presented to him, he left no case of well-attested grievance unredressed. He continued to labor faithfully and perseveringly in this service for nearly six years, from the first organization of the society until God called him to his eternal rest. He acted as one of its managers and a member of its executive committee for more than three years, and filled the office of president for more than two, this last being left vacant by his death. The estimation in which his character and services were held by his co-workers is thus given in the Annual Report for October, 1855:

"It becomes the sad duty of the Board to record

the death of our late associate and president, William George Baker, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday, the 10th instant. In his death this society and the public at large have suffered a loss which it will be exceedingly difficult to supply. Mr. Baker was actively connected with the operations of this society from its organization, and had filled the place of its president to the entire satisfaction of all the members.

"He was taken away in the meridian of life, from positions which he filled with eminent usefulness and fidelity, to his reward in heaven. Mr. Baker was eminently a great and good man, a distinguished jurist, a devoted philanthropist, and a devout Christian."

From the resolutions annexed to the report we give the following extract: "His integrity and ability as a member of the legal profession have been most justly and eloquently set forth in the proceedings of his brethren in that profession, and his virtues as a Christian are more appropriately the theme of a discourse in a higher relation; but we desire to bear testimony to his worth as a man, and his usefulness as a manager and president of "The Baltimore Association for Improving the

Condition of the Poor.' In the great work of charity in which we are engaged his benevolence, his kindness, his goodness of heart, and his perception of the true wants of the poor, were eminently displayed; and although we mourn the loss we have sustained, we have reason to be thankful for the excellent service he has rendered our association from its organization to the time of his decease, and to feel happy in the recollection that we have been among the number of those with whom, while here, he associated himself to aid in such arduous labors. He has departed, but he has left us the noble legacy of an example well worthy of imitation.

"His departure leaves a void in our ranks which we feel deeply. His intelligence gained our respect, and his amiable, modest deportment won our affection. We may fill the official places which he held in the association, but the name of William George Baker will long be cherished in our memories, associated with every idea of what is noble and generous."

Another benevolent association in which he was deeply interested was "The Humane Impartial Society," established for the purpose of employing and relieving destitute widows, and the education of

their children.* This noble work of female charity was regarded by him as a legacy from his departed wife. She had labored earnestly in its behalf, and it was to her a cherished work. He continued her pecuniary contributions, and when its sphere of operations was enlarged by the contemplated erection of an asylum for homeless indigent females, he became personally active in promoting the desired object. As one of the trustees of "The Aged Women's Home," he was ever ready, when called upon by its managers, to do all that he could by his aid or counsel in carrying their designs into successful operation.

"The Baltimore Orphan Asylum," another institu-

* The provisions made for this object were arranged in true accordance with the unobtrusiveness of Christian charity. The children were placed at school by the mother; she was provided with the amount required by the school bills as they became due, and the return of the receipted bills was the only voucher required by the society. The report of 1855 states: "So much delicacy is observed on this subject, that their names are never exposed or known but to the individuals immediately interested. There are several persons of respectability who have been thus educated years ago by this society, and, with all the delicacy of true charity, the world has not been permitted to see the vailed hand that administered it. The number who have been thus educated is upward of two hundred.

tion organized by female benevolence, was one for which he felt great interest. When this institution was first incorporated, in 1801, Mr. Baker's grandmother was one of its official members. It was then called "The Female Humane Association Charity School." Under a supplement to the act of incorporation, passed in 1808, making some required alterations in its charter, its name was changed to that of "The Orphaline Charity School." Its subsequent title of "Baltimore Female Orphan Asylum" was changed to "The Baltimore Orphan Asylum," from having extended its fostering care over male orphans, there being no public charitable provision made for boys so young as to need the care of women. It thus became a valuable auxiliary to "The Manual Labor School for Indigent Boys," by maintaining and educating the male children under their care until they became of sufficient age to be placed at that institution. These associated charities, so full of hope and promise to poor little children destitute of parents, homes, and friends, so unostentatious in the quiet, steady pursuit of their noble work, could not fail in eliciting the heartfelt interest and sympathy of one like William George Baker. The cause of the widow and orphan, when poor and friendless, was to

him always a sacred cause. In these labors he found nothing to jar upon his sensitive nature, and instead of involving any sacrifice of feeling, it was ever a positive happiness to labor in their behalf.

The Bible Society found in him an active and efficient member and manager. The report of 1856 thus notices the loss of his services: "The loss of an efficient manager of our society has cast its shadow over those who remain. The recent death of William George Baker has made many realize how near we may be to the grave. His virtues, his usefulness in the various departments of benevolence and to the social circle who knew his worth, could not retain him here. But he is gone to his reward. The Bible cause has lost in him an active friend. He not only gave of his means, but he was ever ready to serve the cause by his legal knowledge and personal influence wherever these could avail."

At the formation of an association called "The Baltimore Society for promoting the Observance of the Lord's Day," organized in 1844, Mr. Baker was appointed recording secretary. In the constitution it is stated: "The object of this Association shall be to call the attention of the Christian public, through the medium of sermons, public meetings, and publi-

cations, to the privileges and duties of the Christian Sabbath; and to adopt such other measures, consistent with Scriptural principles, as may lead to its due sanctification." Having no data respecting the operations of this society, we have no opportunity of knowing how long it continued its labors, or whether it is still existing; but the principle that led to its formation was an abiding one with the subject of our memoir. So careful was he in carrying out this principle to its full extent, that he not only avoided traveling on the Lord's day, but could never be induced to ride to church on that day under any circumstances, giving as a reason, that though his own conscience might justify, in some cases, a departure from this strictness, yet his being a member of this association made it his duty to adhere to it at all times for the sake of the example. Even when debilitated from indisposition, he chose to walk through all kinds of weather rather than violate his rigid conscientiousness repecting the observance of the Lord's day.

He was a warm friend of "The American Tract Society" and its colportage, and as one of the managers of its auxiliary, "The Maryland Tract Society," always evinced a deep interest in its welfare. The Report of the latter for 1856, in noticing his death,

says: "William George Baker, distinguished at the bar, and identifying himself with the Christian and the philanthropic enterprises of the city and state, became highly endeared to the Christian community. To this society he was an able counselor, an ardent zealous friend, and a liberal contributor. His sudden demise cast a deep path of gloom over our entire Christian community."

He took great interest in the successful establishment of the "Maryland Institution for the Instruction of the Blind," and of the "House of Refuge." He was engaged in the service of the former at the time he was taken sick, and to the latter he was an earnest friend, and one among the larger and earlier subscribers.

The different charitable societies among which he labored were those in which Christians of all denominations united. He felt a brotherhood with all who loved and trusted in Christ, regarding the character of a true Christian as of more value than the mere sectarian name. Though willing to work and worship with Christians of every name when in association with them, yet he had a decided preference for the polity and regulations of the Methodist Church, especially for its free-seat churches and its itinerant

ministry; regarding the former as conferring equal privileges upon all classes and conditions in the Lord's house, and believing that the latter was the most effectual mode of extending the Gospel throughout the whole country. As a member, he was consistent and exemplary, a regular attendant upon its ordinances, and a liberal supporter of its missionary operations and other Church institutions.

His public services in the cause of Christian benevolence were known through the medium of their public operations. Of his private charities there is no record to which we can have access. His well-known kind-heartedness and generosity, his readiness to give or lend pecuniary aid to those who needed it, and to contribute to every good cause presented to him, made these appeals as various as they were continual. The extent and number of these charities, and many ways in which he sought to do good silently and without observation, are known only to God. The remembrance of them may remain with the recipients; but to others all knowledge of them is buried in his grave.

Many of the sums thus loaned were never asked to be returned, if he thought there was an inability to pay them. And in the settlement of his accounts at

the close of the year, he would strike off their names as his debtors, and add the amount to the general sum expended in donations.

The effect of these various and unremitting labors was to him a happy one. He had no time to spare for his own sorrows. In giving up his own life to be a blessing to others, he himself had become blessed. The brooding sadness that had hung over him like a dark cloud had passed away, and he became social, pleasant, and cheerful. The superficial observer, on seeing him so agreeable in society, and so willing to render any little assistance or polite attention to his female acquaintance, might have supposed that he had buried his past grief in the grave of forgetfulness. But it was not so. He still felt

> "He could not change his buried love
> For any one of living mold."

His departed Margaret and his darling Willie were still the Penates of his heart, whether in society or in solitude. Their images stood there, and though he mentioned not their names, save to those who cherished their memories, yet his thoughts and feelings were centered around the loved and the lost. In a letter from Newport he says:

"Here am I, dear ——, at these headquarters of fashionable dissipation, where so much of frivolity, vanity, and heartlessness are yearly congregated, and here I have been for four days, which have sufficed to give me an insight into the pleasures of Newport. The air is delightful, the bathing fine, the situation is pleasant; but the great charm of Newport is society. Now, as I have so long secluded myself from the pleasures derivable from general society, as I have so little fondness for making acquaintances from whom in a few days I must part without the probability of ever seeing them again, the great charm of Newport is no charm for me. I feel alone in a crowd with whom I have little sympathy. You may know, therefore, with how much of delight my thoughts are turned to home and its loved ones, not the least among whom is one whose kindness has been so unvarying and who has been so intimately associated with those who once made my life a happiness, and whose departure has enshrouded that existence in gloom. But I must not dwell on the past. I cannot help looking back upon it, though the retrospect awakens feelings that do not fit me for the present."

Six years had now passed away since the loss of his wife, and four since that of his child. These suc-

cessive strokes had scathed the greenness and freshness of his life. But God had given him strength for the mission assigned him, and caused a perennial freshness to spring up in his spirit by bidding him

"Rouse to the work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sowed,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

CHAPTER X.

LEGISLATIVE WORK.

Mourn for the statesman, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good;
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime;
Or, greatest yet, with least pretense,
Rich in saving common sense;
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime;
Mourn him who cared not to be great,
But as he saved or served the state.—TENNYSON.

WHILE thus quietly pursuing the path of Christian usefulness, regardless of the glittering prizes of fame and self-aggrandizement so eagerly struggled for by others around him, Mr. Baker little thought he would ever be called from the seclusion of private life to take a prominent political position. His reputation for ability and integrity had silently risen up into proportions so fair and goodly as to attract public attention. He became known as one whom the people had learned to love, one whom good and wise men of all parties were willing to trust.

"Thirsting only
For the right, he learned to deaden
Love of self."

His good name and his popularity with all classes caused him to be spoken of as a desirable candidate for political and judicial posts; but his natural inclinations and his Christian spirit rendered him averse to all earthly distinctions. His numerous friends were anxious for his nomination to different judgeships as they severally became vacant, but he declined making any effort to gain either for himself, though willing to use exertion in behalf of others. Though so unwilling to assume any prominent position where he could not feel it to be a duty, yet when he became convinced of this he readily sacrificed his own wishes in endeavoring to promote the public good. The first legislature after the adoption of the new Constitution of Maryland was regarded as especially important by all parties, on account of the expected abrogation of many old laws and the introduction of others to be substituted in their place. It was considered necessary that these should be submitted to the careful supervision of representatives fully prepared, by sound views and extended legal knowledge, for the onerous but responsible task. To

secure the services of one so eminently qualified as William George Baker, was considered by both parties as especially desirable; and all interested in the public welfare, as well as his legal friends, urged him to accept the proffered nomination. At length he was induced to consent, resolving in case of his election to do his duty, though distrusting his own competency, and fearing that he could not fulfill the expectations of those who so implicitly depended on his ability.

One who knew him intimately says: "If I were asked what was his most prominent characteristic, I should answer, intelligent goodness; an earnest desire to respond in feeling and action to the demands of truth and duty, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, sectarian zeal or party bias. To this I judge he was largely indebted for his great popularity among all classes of society, a popularity the extent of which he never appeared to realize. His humility was remarkable, very remarkable. The very unusual manifestations of the public confidence in his ability and integrity never appeared in the least degree to elate him. This characteristic also contributed to his popularity. All were glad to elevate one who, with all his talents and acquirements, his influence and wealth, made no assumption."

He was elected upon the Democratic nomination by a very large majority, and though party feeling was strongly excited in the community, the extent of his popularity was made evident by the number of votes he received over what was considered the highest party vote. He made no exertions to secure his election, but calmly awaited the result; and had he consulted his own inclinations instead of the wishes of his friends, the news of his defeat would have been more welcome than that of his success. In entering upon the new and untried scenes of public life, he made a sacrifice of his own feelings to his sense of duty that could not have been fully known or appreciated save by his intimate friends. In a letter written to one of his family connections during his first winter at the Legislature, he says:

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind note. It gave me very great pleasure, as every token of kindness does, and especially when it is received while I am, as here, in circumstances so uncongenial to my cherished feelings. I have so little heart-interest in what is passing round me; the views and aspirations of those I meet with are so little in unison with mine, that I am often oppressed with a feeling

of loneliness and isolation; and the painfulness of this feeling is not relieved by any conviction that my labors here are of benefit to others, for I am more and more persuaded that I am not fitted for the position I am now occupying. I have been so accustomed to the quietness of home, that the hurry and excitement in attending to legislative business take away that collectedness and control of all the mental faculties requisite to the doing anything well.

"I am very glad that you have visited M. in her affliction. The more frequent your visits the less painful will be the association. Do not yield to overmuch sorrow; strive against brooding over the remembrance of these you have lost, and rather look forward to reunion with them in the land of the blessed.

> "'I see a world of spirits bright,
> Who taste the pleasures there;
> They all are robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they bear.'

"How often, while thinking of my own departed ones, have I repeated those lines, and endeavored to drive away my own sorrow by dwelling on their bliss, unchanging as it is unalloyed. May we endeavor so to live in humble yet confiding trust in Him who is omnipotent to save, that we may at last

be reunited with them where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain!'"

While distrusting his own ability to fulfill the expectations of his constituents, the following extracts from private and public sources, show the high estimation in which his services were held by others. His course of action in the legislature is thus decribed by one of his colleagues, who kindly gave the desired information:

"It was my privilege to serve with him as a member of the House of Delegates during the two sessions immediately succeeding the adoption of our present Constitution, and I can bear witness to the fidelity and ability with which he labored, as chairman of the most important Committee on the Judiciary, to carry into successful operation the requirements of that instrument. Often have I sought him in the still hour of night, and found him laboriously engaged in preparing for the duties of the succeeding day.

"The quiet, unobtrusive manner which adorned his character soon won for him the regard of his associates. It was but rarely that he could be prevailed upon to take part in debate; indeed, in the retirement of his chamber, with his pen ever in hand, or as the presid-

ing spirit of the Committee on the Judiciary, could we alone expect to find him when not necessarily required in the Hall. For ten long months was he engaged in devising and bringing into practical operation the reforms which had been but partially effected by the constitutional convention, and almost entirely to his pen and to his devotion to their interests is this community indebted for the many practical and beneficial laws connected with the administration of justice which have been passed during the last few years.

"Notwithstanding his devotion to the duties of the committee of which he was the head, he found time to give attention to other interests of the state, and made himself familiar with our system of taxation and other financial matters. Although his chief delight was in framing and digesting the laws, it must not be supposed that he was inadequate to handle the weightest subjects, and to occupy a commanding position as an orator when occasion required it. It was in his efforts to prevent too great a reduction of the direct tax, and to retain the honored name for which our noble commonwealth is respected at home and abroad, that he made his greatest effort while upon the floor of the House of Delegates. Indeed, I do not remember to have listened to a more argument-

ative speech or eloquent appeal on any occasion than that which he delivered on the reduction of the direct tax.

"The Senate of Maryland, which had been regarded as a conservative branch of the legislature, had passed a bill reducing the direct tax three-fifths, or from twenty-five to ten cents on the hundred dollars, and many of our wisest and best men thought that, should such counsels prevail, our state would again be crippled in her finances, her energies paralyzed, and her good name tarnished by the foul blot of dishonor. It is needless to recur to the causes which led to so strange a procedure on the part of that dignified and highly intelligent body. The bill was now before the House, where it was probable, from the position of affairs, the desire to reduce the tax would override all arguments against a breach of state faith. The advocates of the greatest reduction were confident, when Mr. Baker desired to be heard. For two hours he was listened to with marked attention.

"The scene is now vividly presented to my mind, and I see before me a gentleman who had adorned several eminent positions, as the one who was expected to reply. He had commenced taking notes, but as the speaker proceeded, following closely one

strong point by another, he abandoned his intention, and before Mr. Baker had concluded became thoroughly convinced of the pernicious effects of so great a reduction, and when the vote upon the question was taken, he with other moderate men of the body were found side by side. Calmer counsels prevailed; a reduction of the tax to fifteen cents was made; and although somewhat premature, our state has pursued her career without reproach, and, by a strict economy in the administration of government, been able to meet all her engagements with strictness and fidelity. The speech which contributed so largely to perpetuate our present happy name should yet be published,* and prized as an effort worthy of a son who loved full well the fame of this his native state."

The following extracts from the papers of the day fully substantiate the favorable estimate of his friend and colleague.

In an article written from Annapolis, and headed

* It is to be regretted that this suggestion of his friend cannot be fulfilled, as no traces of it were found among his papers. Excepting the statistics necessary for the basis of his arguments, it is not probable that a single portion of his speech was written down, so uniformly was he averse to writing on any subject, except when necessity required it.

"The Speech of the Session," we find the succeeding remarks: "In view of an early adjournment of the legislature, there is an evident disposition to dispose of the large amount of business already introduced. There is, however, still some truancy among the members. Without disparagement to others, allow me to say that William George Baker, Esq., of the Baltimore delegation, has won for himself a most enviable reputation for close attention, assiduous labor, discreet action, and intelligent presentation of every proposition committed to his care. He speaks but seldom, makes no effort at display, and from a knowledge among members of his peculiar traits, his views and statements receive the profoundest attention, and accomplish the happiest results. His recent speech (running through part of two days) upon the subject of reducing the direct tax, is regarded as 'the great speech of the session.'"

In another paper was found the following: "The Senate bill to reduce the direct tax to twelve and a half cents on the hundred dollars was taken up. Mr. Baker, of Baltimore city, concluded to-day his very able and masterly argument in favor of a reduction to sixteen and three-quarter cents, which occupied two hours and a half in the delivery. "The proposal

for striking out twelve and a half cents and adopting sixteen and three quarters, was rejected, yeas twenty-two, nays thirty-six. Mr. Baker then moved fifteen cents, which was adopted, yeas thirty, nays twenty-nine."

Another extract from a daily paper states that the following deserved compliment was passed to one of the city delegates: "We but repeat what is the common praise of all, when we say that William George Baker, of Baltimore city, has done full justice to the duties which have been assigned him. The expectations which had been formed of him we are certain have been more than realized. The amount of labor which he has performed has been a severe tax upon his energies. He has, however, proved himself equal to his task. The state of Maryland as well as the city of Baltimore owe him a debt of gratitude."

During his professional career he had always avoided public speaking, and it was thought by his friends that nothing could overcome this disinclination. If he had attempted to prepare a speech by draping his ideas in the graceful flow of beautiful language, or by the study and practice of the most effective arts of oratory, the speech would not have been delivered. His argumentative ability was often

evident in conversation, and the strength and accuracy of his memory were sufficient to have enabled him to speak fluently without the use of notes. The eloquence ascribed to his "appeal," and his "commanding position as an orator," alluded to, must have simply arisen from the unconscious outpouring of the feelings that stirred his spirit, as he thought of the fearful results of erroneous legislation. The untarnished honor and good credit of his native state were too sacredly cherished in his heart to be thus lightly and injudiciously periled. He doubtless looked back on the time when she seemed tottering on the verge of bankruptcy by her financial embarrassments, and he shuddered lest the measure then brought before the House should bring her again to the same crisis that led the false-hearted among her sons to whisper "repudiation" as the most certain and speedy relief. Mild, patient, and forbearing as he was at all times toward the erring in principle or practice, yet he could be roused to speak words of might against the error or the deed, when he felt that the interests of society were endangered by its influence. In the cause of truth, justice, or righteousness, he wielded a power that could be felt; and in other instances besides that referred to, he is said to have

given utterance to strains of impassioned eloquence, under the impulse of deeply excited feelings. In the effect produced, he saw only the triumph of his cause, and the commendations passed upon his speech were to him as surprising as unexpected. Believing himself constitutionally unfitted to become a successful public speaker, he confined himself to a more quiet and less imposing course of action in all the departments of business or duty in which he felt himself called to labor. If the desired result was effected, he was willing that his agency in securing it should remain unknown.

Notwithstanding his arduous labors in the biennial session of 1852 and 1853, he managed to spend most of his Sundays at home, in his usual religious duties. Though he had the same opportunities of attending public worship on the Lord's day in Annapolis, yet it was more refreshing to his spirit to withdraw from all associations connected with his week-day toils, and return to the old familiar places where he was wont to pass his quiet Sundays. He once said to his pastor, when referring to these peaceful, holy days he so highly prized, "This is my sheet-anchor." This was, indeed, in his case, a striking truth. The ordinances and privileges of the Lord's day had always

been to him a sheet-anchor through every affliction, perplexity, or harassing anxiety that had roughly swept across his course over life's changeful deep. It was also an impressive lesson of Christian faithfulness, to see one who had been so strenuously laboring throughout the week in promoting the most important interests of the state in a legislative assembly, patiently pursuing his Sabbath work as a teacher of little children in a small suburban chapel. His duties as a citizen never interfered with his duties as a Christian, and in the straight path of rectitude he found no clashing or conflict between his obligations to society and his obligations to God.

The reputation he had gained as a legislator gave him a prominent place in the public estimation, as one specially fitted for high official and political duties. When a vacancy for state senator occurred, he was requested to permit his name to be presented as a candidate for nomination. But he felt no call of duty to make any further sacrifice of his own preference for a private position. When the temperance question was brought into politics, in order to unite both the Whigs and the Democrats in its support, both parties were to be equally represented, thus making it a separate issue. His known advocacy of this

great cause induced the friends of this movement to believe that they could secure his services by bringing him out as one of their candidates. Supposing they would meet a ready response, some among them were not only disappointed but chagrined by his calm but steadfast refusal. He deemed it a hazardous experiment to expose any great moral reform to the dangers of political warfare, or to the evils of injudicious legislation. He well knew that in all cases where a question could be made a popular one, the mere desire for popularity would bring many forward as its advocates who would publicly honor it with their lips, while it was dishonored in their hearts. He knew also that its warmest friends and most zealous adherents might be so far carried away by fanaticism as to ruin their own cause by hasty and ill-advised measures, and he deprecated the movement as a prelude to a future reaction, that in all probability would do more in impeding its progress than the most violent opposition of its declared enemies.

The same sound, far-sighted views governed his opinions on all the exciting topics of the day. The structure of his faith on political and moral questions was founded on the solid base of truth, and not on

the shifting sands of passion or prejudice. In every attempt to establish righteousness among the people by human legislation, he saw in its real limits and its supposed extent the many errors that might arise from human shortsightedness and fallibility. In all that belonged to a permanent reformation, or to the successful regeneration of society, he acknowledged the superiority of Divine legislation, so omnipotent in its simplicity of design and operation—that of making each man a law unto himself, by writing His law upon the heart, the mind, and the conscience.

There is a lesson to be learned from the Bible, to which all human legislators would do well to take heed. It is the brevity, simplicity, and comprehensiveness of the laws of God, and their perfect adaptation to the condition and necessity of man. These constitute the power of all government, parental, social, and national. Inconsiderate and excessive legislation tends to weaken authority by inciting a spirit of resistance. As in our beloved country we acknowledge no earthly sovereign, it becomes doubly important that the majesty of law be reverenced. To preserve this inviolate, its edicts should command, when not subversive of the law of God, the approval of all, as the result of calm deliberation and judicious

action. If hastily issued in the fever of excitement, they necessarily tend to nullity or repeal. A single enactment, found to be impracticable, tyrannous, or so dubious as to be easily evaded, not only lessens respect for the authority of law, but leads its violation to be justified apparently upon the equally dubious claim of a reserved right. However trifling the occasion may seem, it is no longer a little matter if it lead to disloyalty. The greatest curse that could befall us, as a people, would be the successful dethronement of law. From such a revolution there never could arise a national restoration.

No statesman, citizen, or Christian was ever more deeply interested in the progress of human reformation than William George Baker. He carefully watched the measures taken to hasten its advancement, and came forward to the work calmly resolute, when he saw the fitting time for action had come, and the proper means could be made effectual. But from the whirl and tumult of imprudent excesses and blindly impulsive action he kept apart. Standing with the wise and thoughtful upon the tower of observation, he was ever among the first to give warning of impending danger, and to come to the rescue in the hour of need. As a Protestant, he was

firmly grounded in the faith that the Bible, with the Holy Spirit as its promised interpreter, is the only infallible standard of doctrine and practice. He believed it to be the will of God that his written word should be a common blessing, free as light, sunshine, and air, and considered it a grievous wrong done unto the souls of men to withhold their right to its possession. He saw the dangerous tendency of a power that could so far bind the minds and consciences of men as to coerce them into implicit submission to human dictation, and consequently felt the necessity of continued vigilance and promptitude of action in checking every effort to extend the usurpation of Papal authority over a free people or their institutions. When a general movement for a change in the common school systems of the several states was cautiously set in operation by the bishops and priests of the Papal Church, in obedience to the will of their supreme head, he was ready to meet it by exposing their design for a total subversion, the first step toward it being placed in the contemplated changes. Being in the legislature when the Maryland School Bill was presented, he began his work by proposing an amendment providing for the continued use of the Bible in the public schools.

He went onward, laboring with heart and mind, until the public opinion was so successfully brought into operation against the bill as to secure its defeat. In his strenuous opposition to Popery, as a power to be resisted, while he would not yield to pope or priest an inch of the ground to which they had no title, yet he was equally unwilling to see the rights of Roman Catholics infringed by political disabilities or unjust aggression. He regarded them as fellow-citizens, and, as such, entitled to share equally with Protestants a legal security in their rights and privileges. He proscribed no man on account of his birthplace or his faith, when these formed no disqualification for the duties of good citizenship. At the very time when he was engaged in defeating the schemes of Papal counselors against the public school system, he strenuously protested against the intolerance of those who sought to remove a commissioner of the Board merely on account of his being a Roman Catholic. This commissioner was known to be a friend of the existing system, and, as such, he became his defender, and the warmest advocate for his continuance.

In his opposition to what he considered to be error, he was no time-server; neither was he a secret

enemy. He defined his position frankly and openly; and while those he opposed distinctly recognized his hostility to their views, yet they respected him as an honorable opponent, knowing that he would never seek to establish his own opinion by stooping to injustice, falsehood, or artifice.

As a philanthropist, a statesman, and a reformer, his course of action was that of a Christian. Being taught of God, he calmly and thoughtfully followed out God's plan of human reformation, pressing forward steadily and resolutely as the token of Divine guidance lighted up his pathway, taking a wide survey of the obstacles to be overcome and the perils to be encountered, knowing that in God's own time the promised results would eventually succeed. To overheated reformers he was an enigma. Contrasting his efforts with their impulsive hurrying to the speedy accomplishment of their designs, and his scrupulous adherence to right principles of action with their own readiness to make use of any means that seemed plausible and available, they could not understand him.

In the following remarks of a recent writer, upon the distinction between the politician and the statesman, the description of the latter is so applicable to

the subject of our memoir, in defining his position and accounting for his course of procedure upon all questions, that it is preferable to anything that could be substituted in its place:

"The politician is of to-day. The statesman forecasts the future. He grasps the question in all its length and breadth, and considers its ultimate bearings upon the destiny of the nation and the progress of mankind. In his view, the question is best disposed of for to-day as it falls in with that grand current of events which, under the guiding hand of God, will sweep away the temporary expedients of scheming men, and carry along truth and righteousness to a certain triumph.

"The statesman is a student of history. He deduces lessons from its records as certain as those laws of the natural world which we deduce from the operations of nature, and they become to him as controlling. What is history in its analysis but the struggle between power and right? What will it be in the future but the same struggle perpetuated under multiform operations?

"No student of history can be a fanatic. He will look for no sudden revolution in the structure of society, no sudden, full cure of great social evils, but

he will see the march of humanity steadily onward, and the utter futility of all those temporary expedients by which its path is obstructed.

"The statesman then must look forward. Those underlying principles which have worked themselves out hitherto in the phenomena of society, are the ones which are now at work determining the future. His task is to minister to that evolution, to work with God in the regeneration of human society."

That one so eminently qualified for the noble work of a Christian statesman should have declined entering into a public career, seemed to many a just cause of regret. But that it was well we cannot doubt, since God had not impressed it upon him as his duty. It was said of him that he could have gained any high political position to which he might have aspired; this assertion being founded upon the supposition that the prestige of his good name would have united the suffrages of conflicting parties. Yet with these indications of successful competition in a political career, he had no desire to enter it. Its high positions had no attractiveness to his Christian spirit. Political fame, official honors, and other glittering incentives to worldly ambition, were to him but as bubbles, floating awhile in the sight of men, and then

passing away. His aspirations soared higher, even unto heaven and eternity. While on earth, he sought only to glorify God and benefit humanity. The great things he sought were those of a higher life, better and nobler than aught the world could bestow.

We have said that such men as are portrayed in the character of the Christian statesman are the need of the age. But they are as yet too few and scattered, too far apart to become a power in the country. Their unobtrusiveness causes them to be passed by unnoticed. Like their Master, they strive not, neither do they cry aloud, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets. Their time of influence in public affairs is not yet come. There must be a great preparatory work. It must begin in our homes; it is here that men must be trained to grow as God intended they should, each one to be fitted to do his own appointed work, by a full and free expansion of his own peculiar gifts to the maturity of a vigorous individual responsibility. The greater number of our representative men are but the mouth-piece of the prejudices, the passions, and the temporary excitement of conflicting clans; but a great change must be wrought before they can represent the collected wisdom of individual thought, the concentrated power

of public and private virtue. But if such men were now to come out into public life they would be regarded as strange, peculiar men, and their very singularity would nullify their influence. Is not this found to be true in every society—in the world, in politics, and also in the Church? Any one who will not go with the multitude, who is not governed by current opinions, maxims, or customs, but is governed only by what is true, and just, and right in itself, without looking unto others, how is this individual regarded? He is looked upon as strange and peculiar.

> "Their ever moving myriads seem to say,
> Go! thou art naught to us, nor we to thee; away!"

But some say that such men are not suited for acting in the present crisis. They say there is work to be done now by men of another stamp, and of like passions with themselves. It may be so. There may be a call for Luthers, whose words must be battle-axes, striking on all sides to open a pathway before them. There may be moral Thermopylæ, whose passes must be defended by Christian warriors against the multitudinous army of invaders, bringing extravagance, fraud, corruption, and infidelity in their train. There may be Elijahs, who are com-

manded to stand before the Ahabs of the day, to rebuke them for troubling the land. And for aught we know, these may be the greater need of the age than the Melancthons, the Aristides, or the sweet-spirited Johns, self-exiled in the solitary isles of contemplative thought. In times of stern conflict and turmoil, when wars and rumors of wars are abroad, and men's hearts are failing through fear of coming destruction, the men with nerves of brass and frames of iron are best suited to stand in the battle's front; but William George Baker was not of these. Such as he God reserves for days of quietness and peace, or calls them to dwell with him before the evil days have come.

Amid the phenomena of God's providences in society, the times of rending, breaking up, and destroying, of moral earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, are not for such men as he was; the appointed time of action, the silent energy of love, kindness, and charity, the calm and steady operation of those powers and qualities that fitted him for the regular and faithful discharge of the higher and holier duties of life, were more in unison with the stillness pervading the system of God's operations in the ordinary course of nature, and with the teachings

of Him whose mission was to proclaim "peace on earth and good-will to man."

God gave him his appointed work, in the places and under the circumstances best suited to his individual character. He had prepared him for his duty wheresoever it called him; whether to glorify him in the hour of affliction by an uncomplaining submission under the loss of his earthly happiness; whether to labor patiently in the field of human improvement; or, Cincinnatus-like, to quit for a time his much-loved retirement of private life, to work arduously for the State as long as he thought his services were needed. To those who so highly valued his public services, and so deeply regretted him as a public loss, we would say:

"His voice is silent in your council hall,
Forever silent.
Yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through either battling world of high or low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe, . . .
But yet whose life spoke stern rebuke
To all self-seekers trampling on the right."

CHAPTER XI.

PRESSURE OF HIS LIFE-WORK—LETTER—SUDDEN ILLNESS—DEATH.

"So he lived, that when the summons came to him which comes to all,
He was at his post of duty, watching on the outer wall.
From afar he heard the trumpet, though our listening ears were sealed,
From afar discerned Death's angel to our vision unrevealed.
"But a little while," he murmured, "and life's closing scenes will come;
Gracious Father! I am ready! wilt thou take my spirit home?
O Heart-searcher, I am nothing! Thou hast been my strength and stay;
Where thy voice of love has led me, I have followed day by day."

NOTWITHSTANDING the gradual relinquishment of the greater portion of ordinary law business, Mr. Baker found much professional work pressed upon him that he could not so easily decline. The greater number of these cases were those in which he felt interested more as the friend and counselor of his clients than the mere lawyer. For their sakes he spared no labor of mind or body, neglecting his duty to himself by undertaking more than he could endure without suffering the usual penalty of physical prostration. In addition to his works of benevo-

lence, so deeply did he feel the responsibility of his business engagements that nothing but the breaking down of his health and strength could induce him to leave home, and even then it was but for a limited period. When a visit to Europe was urged upon him as a needed relaxation, he refused, saying he could not spare the time for so long an absence. To him the proposed tour would have been a positive enjoyment of a different and far higher kind than that of the common horde of tourists, who have no other object than that of sight-seeing, and no other desire than that of following in the wake of fashion.

He would have found it an intellectual feast, full of historic reminiscences and suggestive thought. To one so perfectly familiar, even from boyhood, with the past history of the Old World, and so deeply interested in the events of the present, such a course of travel would have been an invaluable aid in studying out the causes that make nations great, and those that will eventuate in their downfall; and it would have opened before him a rich mine of observation and reflection, from which he would have brought home treasures more precious to him than the rarest gems of art.

His friends regretted that he thus denied himself this, as well as other sources of enjoyment. Those to whom his health and happiness were important, often painfully felt that he carried his self-sacrifice for the benefit of others to a greater extent, at all times, than his duty demanded. One who knew him only as the earnest, patient laborer, but was not aware of his suffering from such continuous toil, once said to him when he spoke of rest: "The only rest that you can look forward to is that of heaven." This indeed proved prophetic. The Spirit's token of this rest came upon him with his heart and hands full of work, and his mind full of plans of usefulness laid out for the future. Had his life been spared he would have continued his labors; but when God told him his work was done, he welcomed the message, and joyfully entered into the rest prepared for the faithful servants of Jesus Christ.

The summer of 1855 brought with it the same feeling of weariness and exhaustion which had during so many years forced him to give up his labors to seek restoration by travel. A short time before he left home he thus playfully, and yet with touching sadness, wrote to a young relative:

"In my study, Saturday night, June 2, 1855, at the close of a two days' shower, the most welcome raindrops still pattering on the tin roof:

"My Dear I.,—Don't be alarmed at the sight of my unremembered chirography, and don't wonder at what could be the cause of my replying to your many and welcome epistles. Perhaps it is from a twitch of conscience, perhaps from a thought of some of your frequent rebukes, or mayhap the unwonted presence of a gladdening shower has by some mysterious sympathy stirred me up to do a most unwonted thing, that is, write a letter. But whatever may be the cause, if Uncle Sam's steamboats and railroad cars meet with no untoward accident, a letter you will receive from your most dilatory and neglectful uncle. But what shall the letter be about? The most noteworthy occurrences connected with your relatives and friends have been or will be detailed to you by your frequent correspondents here, and that so much more happily and entertainingly than could possibly be done by so rusty a letter writer as I, that it would be altogether in vain and a work of supererogation for me to essay it; and my life in its unvarying routine presents so few subjects of interest that I have not the material to fill a letter or even a note. Perhaps, if I

were in the habit of writing, I might observe and seize facts and circumstances that might contribute to your entertainment, but which now attract no attention, and pass unnoticed, and which, when I attempt to write, memory fails utterly to recall. Whatever may be the cause, I never was fond of epistolary correspondence, so far as my part of it was concerned. I am very glad to receive letters from others; but to reply, that is my bugbear.

"But if I go on as I have commenced, it would be just as well not to write at all. But what shall I write about? It will be no use to tell you, that wearily I rise in the morning, wearily pursue my daily engagements, and return home weary enough; and when I am in my own retired study, shut out from the cares and business of life, then are my moments of relief."

To those who best knew him, how characteristic is this extract. They well remember the playful sallies that occasionally broke from his lips, with a pleasant smile and brightened eye, as he lay on his lounge after his return home, and then the relapse into the long silence with closed eyelids, and the habitual expression of saddened thought and utter weariness, as though all he craved was stillness, solitude, and rest.

He started on his summer tour alone, with the intention of spending the greater part of his time among the mountains of New Hampshire; but having met a party of friends to whom he felt peculiarly attached, as having been the friends of his wife, he was induced to alter his course by accompanying them to Canada. It was remarked that he had never appeared so cheerful and so full of animation. After leaving the party, on their return homeward, he proceeded to New Hampshire, to Boston, and Newport, but only for a brief sojourn, as the time he had appropriated to his summer travel had nearly passed away.

Having expressed his intention to return home about the last of August, his family were daily expecting him, when the news of the harrowing disaster that occurred on the twenty-ninth of August, on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, was published. The first telegraphic dispatch of the accident filled them with anxious fears, but they soon found that his well-beloved name was not among those of the sufferers. He passed over the same route two days afterward, and reached Friendsbury on the first of September. His friends then little thought, when they welcomed him with grateful emotions, returning

thanks to God for his preservation from the perils of travel, that he was soon to be taken from them in his own home, by causes equally fatal, though less terrible. He looked apparently well, being fuller in flesh than he had ever been. His flow of spirits and more uniform cheerfulness of manner led his friends to anticipate for him a healthier and happier life.

In the little social gatherings of his friends and relatives, he entered pleasantly into the sportiveness of the young, and contributed to the enjoyment of the older ones by animated cheerful converse. It seemed as though the dark cloud of sorrow and weariness that had hovered over his pathway had become suddenly brightened by health, joy, and hopefulness. But yet there were times when a feeling of indisposition came over him, and he was heard to say that he thought his apparent fleshiness was not the result of restored health.

During his absence he was again spoken of as a suitable candidate for a vacant judgeship. This was declined; but soon after his return he accepted a nomination for the city council. The duties of this position requiring but little time, and presenting an opportunity of promoting the interests of the city, he consented to the wishes of his political friends. Al

though the opposite party were supposed to have attained a temporary ascendancy, yet it was generally thought that he would be elected.

About the middle of September his aged father was taken so extremely ill that his recovery was considered very doubtful. Ordinary cases of sickness or pain were sufficient to excite the sympathy of one so sensitive as Mr. Baker, but when there was reason to fear a fatal termination, it seemed as though it was more than he could bear. His anxiety led him often to the bedside, but he would turn from it with a nervous shudder and suddenly leave the room. As soon as his fears were removed by a favorable change having taken place, his anxiety was again awakened by the successive sickness of his two sisters, and in two days after the last one was taken ill, he was laid upon his bed in a sickness from which there was to be no restoration.

The first symptoms indicated a deep-seated gastric irritation, and the slow fever that ensued appeared to be similar to one from which he had suffered many years previous. He spoke but little of himself; but his anxieties were excited about his sisters, and he would often make inquiries respecting them. A few days after he became ill he was impressed with the

idea that his sickness would be "unto death." He remarked to one standing near him: "I thought I had more work to do; but God knoweth what is best." A relative being about to return to the city, went into his room to see him. He put out his hand to her, saying: "Good-by, aunt, I may never see you again." This impression, and these remarks, so calmly expressed, were attributed merely to nervous depression, and were pleasantly discouraged by telling him that he would soon be well again. The fever having subsided after a week's continuance, appeared to justify the hope of his speedy recovery that had been previously entertained. But notwithstanding the apparently favorable change, there were symptoms of functional derangement still remaining. To one going to his bed-side to congratulate him on his improvement, he tranquilly said: "Look at my tongue; I have but little reason, A., to think so." The next day a general torpor of the secretions gradually ensued, and every remedy used to excite them into renewed action was utterly powerless.

While his family and friends were indulging the hope of his restoration, he felt that he was to die. On the Sunday before his death he said to one who stood by him, "I will leave you all on Wednesday.

It will be hard to part, but I am willing to go, for it is my Heavenly Father's will." On Monday and Tuesday he was engaged in silent prayer nearly all the time, every now and then uttering these brief expressions: "I am willing." "Jesus is calling." "I am waiting to go home." "The way is clear."

On Tuesday night, about eleven o'clock, he began to sink. The family assembled round his bed. The aged father and the two invalid sisters were carried into the room and placed near him. He offered his hand to each one, saying: "Farewell, I am going home. Jesus is an all-sufficient Saviour. All is well." He then repeated these lines:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

About midnight he seemed to be rapidly sinking away, and after being revived by a restorative, said, as he was roused to consciousness, "Back again! I thought I was home!"

The absent members and intimate friends of the

family, his own pastor, and the pastor of his departed wife having been summoned, a large circle of friends and relatives, with the group of servants, surrounded his dying bed. He recognized every one, and took an affectionate leave of each as they came near him, extending his hand and saying "Good-by," adding appropriate words of consolation to those weeping ones who felt as though they could not give him up. He could not bear to see their distress. No one who saw him will ever forget the grieved expression of his countenance as he turned away his face, saying: "O! don't cry; why are you not willing for me to go? I will be with you in the spirit."

During these dying hours, from Tuesday at midnight to Wednesday about noonday, he lay fully conscious of his near departure, calmly resting in the quiet assurance of faith on the Saviour in whom he had trusted. There was no physical disturbance; no convulsive starting; no struggling hold upon life, against the coming of that strange, stern, chilling death, from which even good men often shrink with shuddering fear. It seemed as though the blessed Jesus, whom he had so long loved and trusted, had kept the great tempter from disturbing his last moments, and had sent his Holy Spirit to take entire

possession of his heart, shedding over his body and soul the soft, still influence of holiness and perfect peace.

A difficulty of utterance, from the extreme dryness of his tongue and throat, was the only distressing symptom to those around him; but even this was frequently overcome, as he enunciated in distinct tones the words he wished to utter, of prayer or praise to God, or of grateful feeling for the kindness of his friends. When prayers were offered at his bed-side, he responded audibly, answered the inquiries made to him, and joined in the hymns that were sung, the sweet tones of his voice often rising above the rest.

When asked if Jesus was with him he replied: "Yes! yes! he promised to be with me to the end!" When one said to him, "Do you wish to depart and be with Christ?" He answered in tones of touching tenderness, "O yes! this is *far* better!"

His favorite hymns were sang for him, and seemed to give him great happiness. He had always loved those that expressed his own feelings of calm reliance on Christ, and he loved to sing them to the sweet, soft melodies that suited them best. When these were being sung he would join in, and would often repeat some of the lines after the singing had ceased.

"The God of Abraham praise," with its mild, solemn tune, was endeared to him from its association with his beloved grandmother. It was her favorite hymn in life; it was sung at her funeral; and the verse she had quoted as a premonition of her death was inscribed on her grave-stone. In his last hours he too felt its words to be sweetly accordant with his own faith and feelings.

"The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And *Him* my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

"The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

"He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on angels' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend.

I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

The hymn now sacred for his sake, by being associated with his memory in life and in death, is his own favorite one:

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

"'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

In his dying hours this hymn was sung for him several times, to the soft, touching melody of olden time, in which he always sang it. It appeared to endue him with a mysterious power over failing nature, for the sweet tones of his voice could be heard above the others; and at one time, when the singing had ceased, he repeated with devotional fervor:

"'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

After having lain quiet and silent for a while, he asked to have sung for him, "Angels now are hov'ring round us." In these moments, so distressing, no one could recall the hymn in which this line was found. A feeling of painful regret was felt by those around him, but he did not seem to notice that his request was not granted, for he was musing on the opening mysteries that brought the verse to mind.

"Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Halleluiah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!"

The dying one was thinking only of the bright home to which the hovering angels were waiting to take him, looking unto Jesus, that all-sufficient Saviour, who had made him meet for his inheritance with the saints in glory.

During the whole of his sickness he was so unwilling to give trouble to those who attended him, and so grateful for services rendered, that the slightest act was received with the expression, "You are very kind to me." To the last he held the handkerchief in his hand, and wiped the death-damp from his

own brow. When the closing scene drew near, the prayers and singing around him ceased; the assembled company of relatives, friends, and servants looked steadfastly on his calm, sweet countenance, so full of heavenly peace, as if all were loth to lose the last ray of his setting life. No sigh, or sob, or audible token of grief came from the mourners around him. All were hushed into a reverent, holy stillness, intently listening to the breathing that came fainter and farther between. It ceased, to return no more. "He's gone!" said the physician, as he tenderly laid his hand on the eyelids, closing them for the last sleep. "There lies the best friend I ever had," said one of the group. Then succeeded the sound of whispered voices, subdued murmurs of sorrowful lamenting for his loss, and convulsive sobbings from those hearts so sorely stricken by the bereavement. Then came the stirring of the assemblage, as one after another left the room, and in a few moments all was again stillness in the chamber of death. The crowd had gone; the body was left alone; but the enfranchised spirit was in heaven, with the glorious company of saints and angels. The perishing remains of mortality were given up to the shroud, the coffin, and the grave until the morn of

the resurrection; but he was at home with Jesus, his beloved Margaret, and his darling Willie.

While he was tranquilly passing away from earth, surrounded by a group of loving, mourning watchers, the ticket bearing his name was being handed in at the polls amid the noise and tumult of political excitement, and when his body lay still and cold in death, the report was brought that William George Baker was elected by a large majority. What a littleness was there in this political triumph, when contrasted with the calling and election now made sure to him in heaven. The stormy, troubled surges of political life could not be felt in his haven of rest. His voyage of life was ended.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

He is gone who seemed so great,
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a brighter crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.—TENNYSON.

WHEN Mr. Baker's death was made known through the city, the painful intelligence struck sadly upon the public heart. "What a loss we have sustained!" was the many-voiced response from the societies in which he had labored, from the poor he had relieved, from his fellow-citizens who had trusted and honored him, and from his fellow-members of the bar, who had so highly esteemed and respected him. With one accord the different associations gathered their members together to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of him whom they had loved and honored.

The customary meetings were called, and resolutions passed, as when other men die who, like him,

have held a high place in the public estimation; but the striking accordance of these testimonials, from so many different sources, showed that in every position in which he was placed he always presented the same distinctive character, proving that in whatever aspect the true Christian is regarded he is ever "the highest style of man."

From the published reports of the proceedings of the different associations, we make the following extracts from the daily papers of October 12, 1855:

Respect for the Memory of William George Baker.—All the courts adjourned as soon as they met yesterday morning, in respect to the memory of William George Baker, Esq. A large meeting of the legal profession was held in the county court yesterday morning, for the purpose of paying respect to the memory of William George Baker. A committee having been appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the feelings of the profession in the death of Mr. Baker, the committee presented the following resolutions through their chairman, Mr. Brown:

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Bench and Bar assembled have heard with feelings of profound regret of the decease of their lamented brother, the late William George Baker.

"*Resolved*, That the copious and varied learning of the deceased, his industry and purity, and his admirable abilities as a jurist, rendered him an ornament to the profession of which he was a member, and make his loss a public calamity.

"*Resolved*, That the high personal qualities of the deceased in private life, his usefulness as a citizen, his piety and charity, and devotion to all good works, commanded the admiration of the people among whom he was born, and will make his memory cherished by all good men.

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Bench and Bar will attend the funeral of the deceased this afternoon, and will wear the usual badges of mourning, etc."

After reading the resolutions, Mr. Brown pronounced the following eloquent, affectionate, and just eulogy upon the deceased:

"It is my sad privilege to express some of the feelings prompted by the melancholy occasion which has brought us together. . . . Mr. Baker was by a few years my senior; but we were students of law at the same period, and our friendship, then commenced, strengthened as we grew older, and continued without interruption through the whole of his life. In all essential particulars his character was the same in

youth which it proved itself to be in maturer years. Time only served to develop and strengthen it. It underwent no change, except that it ripened and improved under the discipline and trials of life; and Providence in its wisdom, as we all know, visited him with severe domestic afflictions, deeply felt by his affectionate nature. He was always distinguished by a singular modesty, which induced him to shun notoriety; by a spotless integrity, which was never sullied by even the breath of suspicion; by a conscientious fidelity to duty, which prompted all his actions; by an affectionate and kindly nature, which won friends everywhere; and by a noble consistency, which characterized his life. The recollection of a character so nearly perfect will, as long as life shall endure, be among the most valued and cherished of my memories.

"As a lawyer, he was more than well read in his profession. He was deeply learned and accurate in his knowledge, quick in perception, and sound in judgment. In these qualifications he has left behind him no superior among his cotemporaries at the bar; and if I am not carried too far by the partiality of friendship, and may be allowed to express my sincere opinion, I will venture to say he has left no equal.

"It was my custom, whenever questions of serious difficulty arose in my practice, about which I felt embarrassed, to refer to him for advice. It was not always that I could obtain it, for he was remarkably cautious in the formation and expression of his opinions; but when he gave one I felt myself fortified as if by the weight of a high judicial decision, and I can safely say that I have never known him to express an opinion which, afterward, I had reason to think was wrong.

"He never distinguished himself as an advocate, because his retiring and modest nature led him to shrink from the exciting contests of the bar, and he cared little for the emoluments and turmoils of his profession. The brilliant prizes of life, which hold out such great temptations to most of us, had no charms for him. He preferred to pursue the even tenor of his way in the discharge of domestic, social, philanthropic, and unostentatious professional duties. Distinction and applause he was willing to leave to others.

"Such a man would naturally wish to retire from public life, and yet, much against his will, he was from time to time called on, in a manner which he felt to be imperative, to fill various public offices, and

in all he was remarkably successful. It is as creditable to the community in which he lived as to himself that he was thus sought out, and that honors were thus thrust upon him; and so high was the appreciation of his character by his fellow-citizens, that I believe there was no office in their gift to which they would not have been glad to appoint him. At the very moment when he was taken from us, they were electing him by their votes to an honorable post of public trust, in an important crisis of the affairs of our city.

The loss of such a man cannot but be widely felt. I read in the surrounding faces of my brethren of the bar their unaffected sorrow; and everywhere, in the community, in the social circle, in the resorts of business, and even in the haunts of politicians, his name is mentioned with respect and sorrowing affection. But that which is our loss is his great gain. He steadfastly loved and walked in and by a light from another and a better world, and his death, which to us seems early, for him came not too soon. Before even his family became seriously alarmed, he anticipated the great summons, and named the day and almost the hour of his death; and then, 'sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approached the

grave' with the same religious faith and trust which had been his support and consolation in life."

As soon as the United States District Court met yesterday morning, Mr. Addison, the District Attorney, arose and announced the death of William George Baker, and moved an adjournment. Mr. A. paid an eloquent tribute to the life and virtues of Mr. Baker. He was followed by W. P. Preston, Esq., who seconded the motion for adjournment, and pronounced the following eulogy:

"I rise, may it please the Court, by a few remarks, to concur in sentiments so beautifully expressed by my learned friend, the District Attorney. The just praise of a good man dead is, perhaps, the best incentive to the living to emulate the virtues honored by those who mourn his departure. William George Baker was certainly a man of extraordinary excellence. I knew him well. I knew him before I was admitted to the bar, and I have known him, personally and professionally, for more than twenty years since. In all his relations of life he was without reproach—calm, firm, kind, and just: in a word, take him for all in all, I think it would be difficult to point out his equal. I am certain that his virtues have made an impression upon the heart of this community

not easy to be effaced. His death may properly be regarded as a solemn warning to us all. At a moment when his fellow-citizens, influenced by admiration for his noble qualities, were about to do him honor, he was called from earth to the presence of his God; a more striking illustration of the truth that 'in the midst of life we are in death,' could scarcely happen. I did not rise, sir, to eulogize the dead, but merely to add a feeble tribute to the many which will be sincerely paid to the individual and professional excellence of our departed brother, whose transition from this to a better world has been under circumstances calculated to awaken the tenderest emotion and highest respect of all those who knew him. The honor paid his memory by the adjournment of this court will, I am sure, find a response in every heart."

The following proceedings were had in the Orphan's Court: "The Court having received, with emotions of unfeigned sorrow and regret, the mournful intelligence of the demise of William George Baker, Esq., for many years a distinguished member of the Baltimore bar, and one of our most estimable fellow-citizens, and being deeply impressed with a sense of the great loss the community has sustained by the death of one whose exalted worth, moral

excellence, and the virtues that adorned his public and private character, endeared him in the remembrance of all who knew him, do move, as a token of respect to his memory, that this court now adjourn."

A meeting of the Board of Commissioners of Public Schools was held at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of William George Baker. A committee of three being appointed to prepare resolutions, reported through their chairman, Mr. Eaton:

"*Resolved*, That we have heard with profound sorrow of the death of our esteemed former associate and president, William George Baker, for a long time one of the most useful members of this Board, and always an earnest and devoted friend and advocate of our public schools and the cause of public instruction.

"*Resolved*, That in his death this community has lost one of its valuable and estimable members (admirable alike in private and public station) of unspotted life; a public-spirited citizen, active in all charitable and philanthropic enterprises; one to whom office and distinction were the spontaneous tribute of his fellow-citizens to talents and virtues which they were prompt to perceive and appreciate;

who, in every function he was called upon to discharge, enjoyed the entire confidence of the public; a man whose rare fortune it seemed to be to leave no enemies, and one whose high professional and literary attainments, courteous bearing, and kindness of heart, joined to that which is above all, his thoroughly religious character, made him a truly Christian gentleman, beloved and respected wherever he was known."

After reading the resolutions Mr. E. remarked: Obituary and eulogy are often flattery to the dead; but all that could be said of Mr. Baker was truth. He had known him long, and from his knowledge of his many virtues, his place cannot be filled. He is gone, and we should endeavor to imitate his example for usefulness, that we may attain the blessings which he is now enjoying.

Mr. Ninde then remarked that the loss of Mr. Baker was great to the community, and the demonstration of sympathy which he had witnessed this day was unequaled. The cause of education, and the works of charity in which he had engaged, had lost a friend; but the loss to us would be his gain. But he cannot die; the mortal may go to the dust, the spirit cannot die. The name of William George Baker

will ever be embalmed in the hearts of the people of Baltimore. Mr. Ninde spoke of him in the various positions he occupied as a lawyer, a public and private citizen, a philanthropist, and above all as a Christian. Surely "a great man has fallen in Israel," and in conclusion he would say, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The professors and pupils of the Central High School assembled at twelve o'clock yesterday for the purpose of suspending the exercises of the day, out of respect to the memory of the late William George Baker, Esq., late a member of the Board of School Commissioners, and member of the Committee on the High School. Professor Morrison, the principal, made some pathetic remarks in adverting to the public and private life of this Christian gentleman. "Mr. Baker," he said, "was one of the few who lived not for himself, but for their fellow-men. His course through life was conservative; unconsciously did he win his way upon the affections of those with whom he had contact, and the spirit of compromise with him was a prevailing characteristic." Allusion was made to his career as an example of a useful man, to his position as a member of our Legislative body, to his connection with most of our benevolent institu-

tions, but more especially to his connection with the public schools of our city. From the intimate relation which Mr. Baker sustained to the High School, the principal said he could do no more than bear the general testimony to the zeal of this gentleman for the advancement of the public schools. He maintained and felt that in the education of the masses was the hope of the glory of our city and country. In him the poor had lost a friend, the thrilling of whose heart and the expression of whose sympathy were always felt. Esteemed by every citizen who knew him, he received a crowning evidence of their respect and confidence in electing him to their own municipal council." After the address of Mr. Morrison, the school was dismissed for the day, for the purpose of affording the professors and pupils an opportunity of paying a last tribute of respect to his worth by attending his remains to their last resting-place.

"*Funeral of William George Baker.*—The funeral of this estimable gentleman, whose death has shrouded the community with gloom, took place from the residence of his father, in the western suburbs of the city, at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended by his numerous

relatives and friends. The body was conveyed to the city, accompanied by a large number of persons in carriages; and when the procession arrived at the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue and Green-street, the members of the Bench and Bar and the School Commissioners joined the procession, and accompanied his remains to their final resting-place, in the graveyard attached to the Westminster church. The coffin was borne from the hearse to the vault by six members of the bar, and the ritual of the dead was rehearsed by the Rev. Bishop Waugh, after which the body was placed in the vault.

"Thus has the grave closed over all that was mortal of William George Baker, than whom no man has ever obtained a stronger hold upon the affections of the people of Baltimore; but his spirit lives, and the memory of his many virtues will long be embalmed in the hearts of our citizens. His amiable deportment, legal and literary attainments, unostentatious philanthropy, and true Christian character, gave him a reputation which will survive long after his body shall have crumbled into dust."

At a meeting of the democrats of the Nineteenth Ward to nominate a candidate for the City Council

in the place of the lamented William George Baker, the following resolutions were passed:

"*Resolved*, That, as a man, our departed brother attracted to his modest path, by the eminent purity of his conduct, the hearts of the whole community; while his active charity, dispensed without ostentation, made cheerful the home of the widow, and gladdened the heart of the orphan in the midst of their desolation.

"*Resolved*, That, as a lawyer, his accurate knowledge and his safe and cautious inquiry made him a sure guide for those who claimed the benefit of his counsel.

"*Resolved*, That, as a politician, we recognize in him an early and steadfast friend of the rights of the people, among which he valued as above all price the right of civil and religious liberty. In his career of usefulness and honor, democracy and public good went hand in hand, his belief being that virtue and religion are best promoted by that system of government which avows its creed to be equal rights and equal responsibilities, and thus administers an incentive to the best ambition by enlarging the sphere of its duty and its power."

From "The Christian Advocate" we extract the following obituary, written by his pastor:

"Died in Baltimore, October 10, William George Baker, Esq., aged forty-six. He was reared 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and from childhood parental solicitude was rewarded, not only by filial piety, but the early development of the strongly marked moral excellences which distinguished the future man. Nor did the dangerous association of school, college, or professional life cause him to swerve from his uniform propriety of conduct. Eminently successful in his literary and professional studies, having chosen the legal profession, he became an ornament to the Baltimore bar. In the fall of 1840 he was deeply convicted of sin. The struggle was protracted and severe in private and in public, and though possessed with caution and timidity, yet his conversion was thorough and genuine. From that time until his death he was a prominent and useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Whatcoat station, where he filled the offices of steward and trustee, and also of teacher and superintendent of the Sunday school, with efficiency and success. He was eminently catholic in his spirit, and his benevolence sought to diffuse itself through every

opening channel. He was the president and the patron, and watched with solicitude the ameliorating operations of the "Society for the Relief of the Poor," and stood officially connected with most of the Christian and benevolent institutions of our city. His name has an imperishable connection with "The Maryland State Bible Society," our domestic missions, and other similar good causes, to which most of his time and means were devoted. But the high character of Brother Baker was not so much in what he did as in 'what he really was.' Though favored with wealth, honor, and many friends, by the use of which so many command influence, his influence grew chiefly out of the personal and Christian excellences of the man. In the circle of friendship and home, the gentle spirit and kind heart of this meek, unobtrusive Christian was so diffused in contributing to the happiness of others, that he was not only admired and appreciated, but really and universally loved. In the social and political circles his vast influence and popularity were already traceable to the same cause. His learning, which was thorough and varied, his professional eminence, and special fitness for places of public trust, were all seen through, and derived a luster from his higher social, moral, and Chris-

tian qualities. Had he sought, or even been willing to accept the honors that came from man, his name would have stood more prominent in our political annals. But while he declined many political overtures, he had enough political history in his signal popularity in his election to the Legislature of 1852–3, which was greatly increased by his eminent services in that body, showing that legislative, judicial, and even executive honors were within his reach.

"Strong were the motives to a life of honor and of pleasure, but the Christian element was the absorbing and controlling element of this truly great man. He was brought in the most trying ordeal, by the death of his devoted wife and lovely babe, to feel the transitory nature of earth's purest joys, and studied to live for eternity. His illness was sudden, and of short duration; he was ready for his departure. The ten days of his suffering were days of patient submission and holy peace. Many words of comfort to parents, kindred, friends, and servants escaped his dying lips. On Tuesday night it became manifest he must soon die. He was eager to depart. In hymns, and prayers, and praises he heartily joined. About noon on Wednesday he took leave of all, beginning with his aged father and mother, each of whom, with his

brothers and sisters, and numerous kindred, friends, and servants, was addressed by name, and an affecting 'good-by.' Among his last utterances were, "Mother don't weep, I shall soon be at rest in heaven;' and 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last, whose spirit shall guide us safe home.' When utterance failed mute triumph crowned the scene. A life so pure and useful, and so strongly illustrating experimental and practical religion, ought not to be lost to the Church, and we hope to see it in a more extended and permanent form."

From the New York Observer we take the following tribute to his memory by the pastor of his departed wife:

"Died at Friendsbury, Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 10, William George Baker, in the forty-sixth year of his age. In this dispensation his family, the community, and the Church have suffered an irreparable loss. Endowed with an attractive appearance, agreeable manners, a most benevolent disposition, a sound judgment, and talents of a high order, he enjoyed the best advantages of education, which he improved by the most diligent application, continuing even after leaving the schools the most assiduous and varied culture. With such qualifications, natural and

acquired, he entered upon the profession of the law, in which his social, political, and ecclesiastical associations gave him the promise of the most ample success. Possessing however an abundant fortune, he was indifferent to emolument; and his natural fondness for retirement, as well as his deep domestic affliction in the loss of a companion in every respect suited to him, and their only child, led him to shrink from public forensic exertions, and to give himself to the more quiet walks of his profession, counseling and aiding the widow, the orphan, and the needy. But he could not long remain secluded. Having early consecrated himself to the service of God in an evangelical religious profession, and manifesting at all times a truly consistent spirit, and an earnest interest in the welfare of his race, he was soon called upon to give counsel and to take an active part in all the various benevolent enterprises of the age. Indeed, it is believed that hardly any project for ameliorating and elevating the condition of suffering humanity has been undertaken in the community during the last ten or fifteen years, in which he did not take a prominent and most important part. The general confidence inspired by such a character and such a life, naturally led those with whom he was politically

associated to seek to make use of his acknowledged qualifications in various offices of public trust; and he was successively elected to fill the posts of Commissioner of Public Schools, of which Board he was some time president; Delegate to the State Legislature, the City Council, and others; and at the time of his death he was president of the Association for the Relief of the Poor, Vice-President of the Asylum for Blind; one of the trustees of the Widow's Home, and also of the general Orphan Asylum. Recently even more prominent posts were urged upon him, which he absolutely declined. The loss to any community of such a man, leading such a life, cannot well be estimated. Few possess either his disposition, his talents, his means, or his opportunities for varied and distinguished usefulness. Fewer possess them all in so rare a combination. A wise providence, however, has seen fit to call him away, but in a manner to leave the bright assurance that our loss is his gain. He went not reluctantly, at the bidding of his Lord, but with the strongly expressed feeling that "to depart and be with Christ is far better," so that we can only pray that He who removed him from us may raise up others upon whom his mantle may fall. And may we profit by his example, learning from the

wide and deep impression produced by his loss the value of a life well spent in the service of God, and in promoting the welfare of our race."

To the above published memorials of the public and private worth of William George Baker, we will add a few extracts from letters received since his death.

One who had known him for years says: "I might say that I regarded him as one of the most perfect characters I ever knew. But that would only be saying what almost everybody in this community already knows full well."

In another letter, from one who had known and loved him from his boyhood, the writer says: "You know he visited us during the winter after the death of his dear little boy, when his heart was still keenly suffering under this sore bereavement. . . I never made any allusion to his dear wife and child, and he only once spoke of her to me, when he called me to his room to show me her likeness, and I felt at the time such sympathy for his loss that I could only look on the sweet expression of her face without saying one word of consolation; for I knew that he had applied to the only source under trouble like his, and I felt

words were powerless to soothe. He expressed his regret that I had never seen his boy; told me how beautiful and interesting he was, but rarely spoke of him afterward. He saw, no doubt, that I made an effort to make him cheerful, and he exerted himself to gratify me, for you well know how unselfish he was. But I could see plainly, when left to himself, how very sad he looked; but when spoken to he would brighten up, and try to encourage a cheerful spirit. While here, he made himself very much beloved by children. He would often take long walks by himself, and fill his pockets with little books that he would give to children by the way. Indeed, he made a favorable impression on every one who saw him here, and all seemed to be touched with his expression of subdued sorrow. A lady who saw him but once, said he so deeply interested her that she never could forget him."

A friend, in writing to one of his brothers, says: "You have indeed met with a loss—the loss of a brother, and such a brother as but few men are so happy as to possess; but the Church, the city, and the state will share the sense of bereavement, and aid the devoted and deeply afflicted family in bearing their sorrow. Although it was not my good fortune

to be intimate with your honored brother, yet I knew him sufficiently well to have formed the most exalted estimate of his character, and was most fully aware how deeply he was entrenched in the hearts of his parents, and brothers, and sisters, who could not but regard him with reverent pride and most affectionate confidence. But he is gone—the wise, the good, the generous, the public-spirited, the earnest, steady, meek, quiet Christian is gone—gone to the grave! No! gone to his rest, to his reward in heaven.

"Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine the flesh,
Till his triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh."

. . . I am sorry for your city—for the children of the public schools, with whose interests he was so long charged—for the outcast, juvenile population for whose good he was laboring. I am sorry for the state, who has lost one of her ablest and noblest sons. . . . . Such an event as this can hardly be said to be dark toward the one removed; the valley of the shadow of death was light to your brother. It is toward those who are left behind that the cloud of providence seems to turn its dark side; on them fall its somber and mysterious shadows; to them it pre-

sents its stormy and threatening aspect; and never until we reach that blessed land, and stand with the sainted dead on the bright side of the cloud, shall we see those problems clearly solved, and know as we are known."

Such was the united testimony of those who knew William George Baker, and by them the portraiture of his life and character will be recognized as a faithful living likeness. To those who knew him not, it may doubtlessly be regarded as too near perfection to be natural. But its surpassing excellence and heavenly beauty was beyond nature, for it was the work of Divine grace. He needed not the skillful touches of the artist to conceal defects or heighten attractions, that his pictured sketch might win the admiration of men; it was simply requisite to picture him as he was, the bright and beautiful representative of what man is intended to become under the refining and sanctifying influence of the Gospel of Christ.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, without hypocrisy.—JAMES iii, 17.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. The Lord upholdeth him with his hand. . . . He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. . . . The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power to his people.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—PSALMS.

WORDSWORTH has said, "The boy is father to the man." With respect to some elementary traits, there is much truth in this expression; but the future that lies before childhood cannot be confidently predicted, even by those most deeply experienced in the study of incipient character.

Those who looked on William George Baker in his early years, and pondered over the traits exhibited in his boyhood, would have marked him as one peculiarly unfitted to take a commanding position in after

life. His acute sensibility, his retiring nature, his delicacy of constitution, and his passion for books, foreshadowed a manhood to be spent in the seclusion of the study, unknown to the community and alike unknowing as regards the exciting questions that agitate the public mind. The enthusiastic admiration awakened in his young heart by the great men of history, might seem the stirrings of an ambition which would have led him to strive for the attainment of worldly greatness, had not the counteracting forces of his nature showed a constitutional unfitness for the great battle of life, where sternness, stoicism, and unabashed self-seeking are the surest warrants of successful worldly ambition. But circumstances prevented his following the recluse life which seemed most congenial to his temperament. Being thrown in early manhood into the public arena of his profession, amid the busy throng of eager seekers after wealth or fame, he deeply felt his own unfitness to bear the trials that jarred upon his shrinking spirit, and struck painfully upon the generous and disinterested impulses of his heart; hence his sense of weariness, his longing for quiet, and his grateful enjoyment of his leisure hours in the companionship of books or of those he loved. In the world, he knew

that sensitiveness was contemptuously regarded as a weakness, and that the noble and unselfish aspirations of virtuous enthusiasm were looked down upon as visionary dreams, based upon ignorance of human nature. Consequently, in his intercourse with it, he learned to keep his feelings unspoken, and passed calmly and silently in the unobtrusive path he marked out before him.

By struggling against his nature, he was enabled to appear calm and equable; but none, save those who knew him best, knew what he endured from his acute sensitiveness and his morbidly anxious temperament. The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities before the world, but who can bear to keep his feelings untold when with those whom he loves. Always liable to be overcome by any sudden alarm or painful occurrence, he was never called upon by his family for aid in such emergencies, from his known incapacity for action, until he had time to rally his scattered powers by a self-imposed calmness, or when his nervous agitation had become quieted by remembering that in God he had a never-failing source of strength. Even the recital of a distressing incident, or a flagrant wrong suffered by persons unknown to him, has made him feel so deeply that he has been

seen to rise from the table and leave the meal before him untasted, so dependent was his physical frame upon his emotional nature.

His constitutional anxiety was unfavorable to happiness, and every object of his care or affection caused him as much suffering as pleasure, and perhaps more. He saw the canker-worm in the opening rose-bud, where others marked only its promise of expanding beauty. He lamented ever the incipient ravages of the insidious grub, that was ere long to blight the foliage, the bloom, and the fruit, when others saw only the present luxuriance, without a thought or fear of coming disappointment. Everything that was dear to him was held with a trembling consciousness of its perishableness. He loved order and quiet; and the least bustle or confusion, or the little annoyances which those differently constituted scarcely notice, to him brought positive suffering. But yet with this there was no irritability of temper, for such was his unvarying sweetness of disposition and kindly affectionate nature, that he never wounded the feelings of others, or gave them pain, except through their own sympathy with his discomfort. Notwithstanding these constitutional infirmities, so unfavorable to his own uninterrupted happiness, yet he was

ever ready to contribute to the happiness of those around him.

From such a temperament, and with these indications of unfitness for the business and conflict of life, it seems strange, if we look no higher than to his human nature, that he should have been able to reach the position he attained, and to wield so great a moral power among his fellow-men. This mystery is solved when we remember the source of his strength and his greatness. In having been led by Divine grace to live for God and eternity, he lived above unaided human nature. Great as were his talents and acquirements, yet they would have been buried in seclusion had not God called them into action in the public path of duty and usefulness. Painfully as he once shrank from the cold-hearted, the selfish, and the base, yet he learned from the Gospel of Christ to look on them with tender compassion as aliens from God, and as having no hope beyond the grave, to which they were hastening, and became willing to labor in their behalf. Rigidly conscientious as he was in fulfilling his own responsibility to God and his fellow-men, yet he was patient, long-suffering, and kind toward those who failed in their duties, knowing that they had not recourse to

the Divine source of light and strength by which he was enabled to press onward to the accomplishment of his allotted work. On one occasion, when speaking of the difficulty encountered in getting an important bill through the legislature, on account of inattention or absence of some upon whom he had depended as its active supporters, a person standing by exclaimed strongly against their criminal neglect of a known duty. He turned with a calm, sweet expression of countenance, and replied, "We must expect such things, A., while men are as they are." It was this faithfulness, by which his own actions were governed, and this charity toward the failure of others, that gave him such influence, and led the people to place so implicit faith in his purity, integrity, and ability. Men saw that he never elevated himself by depreciating or condemning others, but went steadily onward without courting human praise, simply content with the performance of his own duty.

God hath a work for every man, and he often accomplishes his purposes through the instrumentality of those who know him not. He said unto Cyrus: "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight. I have girded thee, though thou

hast not known me." But how blessed are they who hear the voice of God saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" and who willingly and not blindly obey his commands, looking unto him for imparted strength to carry out his designs concerning them. It was thus that William George Baker hearkened and obeyed the call of God in becoming a faithful follower of Christ, conforming to his will in all things, and living ever above a traitorous compliance with the sinful maxims and customs of the world.

To prepare him for his future work of distinguished usefulness, God in his wisdom saw there was a necessity for suffering and sorrow. Though he gratefully held his treasured wife and child as divinely bestowed blessings, yet his affectionate and home-loving heart might have led him to settle quietly down amid the happiness of a Christian home, unconscious of the fearful amount of sin and misery in the world without, calling the Christian to come forth to its relief by a continued course of self-denying labor. He acknowledged the hand of God in his afflictions, knowing "he was too wise to err, too good to be unkind," and with uncomplaining submission to his will, sustained and comforted by a sense of his love, he went out calmly and prayerfully

to take his place in the career of usefulness. Wherever his duty to God or his fellow-men directed him he was ready to go, believing that the requisite strength and capacity would be given him. It was not strange, then, that he should have been so regardless of worldly honors or temporal aggrandizement, for these would have brought no gratification to his Christian spirit. He looked for higher, better things than these. The distinction he gained was not of his own seeking. If he became "like unto a city set on a hill, that could not be hid," it was because he was irradiated by the noontide glory of the Sun of righteousness.

In every position his greatness was the greatness of a Christian. Though his nature led him to be anxious and easily disquieted, yet he richly enjoyed the peace of God that passeth human understanding. Under all his sufferings and his trials this was to him a support and consolation. Even the approach of death to the body, with its painful agony, its cold, dark grave, its damp, moldering decay, had no power to disturb the sweet serenity of his Christian spirit. This nobler, higher part of his humanity was tranquilly beautiful, as "the green pastures beside the still waters." The affairs of time and the disqui-

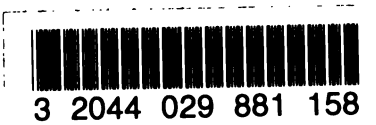
eting perplexities of earthly cares were silently given up, as though he did not wish his last moments to be disturbed by any thoughts of earth. When asked if he wished any matters of business to be attended to, he simply answered, "Nothing." He took no interest in the things of this world; his desires were directed heavenward, and his dying hours were spent in prayer and praise, and a calm waiting for the glad moment when the noiseless touch of the ministering angels would open the prison-door of his mortality, to bear him onward and upward to the glorious freedom of a blissful eternal life.

The great lesson to be learned from his temporal life and his elevated character is this: that the distinction and greatness he attained are equally open unto all who will live as he lived, when called upon to take a prominent place among their fellow-men. If the world cannot see the difference between Christians and worldlings in their haunts of business, or in their positions of public trust, in the social circle, or in their homes, such Christians are not what God designed the followers of Christ to be. Unobtrusive and unassuming as the true Christian may be in himself, yet God maketh his light to shine, that the world may see his good works and glorify

the Divine grace that giveth such moral power unto men.

We sincerely trust that the example of William George Baker may thus be made a blessing unto many, and that others may gather up the mantle of his worth and usefulness, and be clothed with a double portion of the spirit that rested on him, who was parted from those with whom he held companionship on earth, and was taken up into heaven.

THE END.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